

IS THE WAR A FAILURE FOR CHRISTIANITY ?

WHILST a section of our people have been impressed by the splendid manifestations of religious feeling which the war has evoked, and have even ventured to predict that of all its after-effects the one which can most surely be counted upon is an extended and deepened recognition of the vitality of the Christian religion and of its necessity for the prosperity of the nations, another section, which makes its voice heard from time to time, does not hesitate to claim the war itself with all the destruction of life and property it has caused, together with the flood of bitter international enmities it has let loose, as constituting a final and crushing demonstration of the failure of Christianity, which will be called upon when the war is over to stand aside and make way for a better system conceived on totally different lines. The *Hibbert Journal*, whose columns have become a recognized arena for the discussion of questions of this kind, has two articles in its January number which take in hand this particular problem. One, entitled *The definite Failure of Christianity and how it might be retrieved*, is by a lady who subscribes herself the "Organizing Secretary of the Sociological Society," the other entitled *Is Christianity practicable?* is by the American Professor, William Adams Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Of these the first advocates uncompromisingly the abandonment of Christianity as soon as the war is over, and the substitution of a system of her own devising, whilst the other concludes that, though Christianity has not given proofs of its practicability by its dealings with the present war, to do away with it altogether might only make things worse. Neither, indeed, of these articles is of much value for its insight into the conditions of the appalling situation in which we find ourselves, but we refer to them as convenient expressions of a mental attitude towards the religious aspects of the war problem which is active in some quarters, and is worthy of comparison as regards the motives on which it rests with those which influence the believers in a coming religious revival.

What impresses those who charge Christianity with failure is that a religion which stands for the peace and reconciliation of all the races of mankind should have been so long in existence, and even have been the dominating power in Europe for so many centuries, and yet have proved itself incapable of stopping, not to say preventing, an almost universal war of this fierce kind, in which the foremost belligerents on either side are nations of its own bringing up. Does not this prove that it is incompetent to achieve the principal object for which it was founded? And if so, is it not convicted of misrepresentation, or at all events of delusion, in advancing its pretensions to divine origin? This claim, it will be noticed, is in keeping with the general contention of those who find a disproof of the divine origin of Christianity in the persistency of evils which it shows itself unable to uproot from the moral soil of the nations, even of the nations it accounts to be Christian—for it is to the secularist class that these sociologists belong. The only difference is that, in the stupendous evils which the present war has caused, these people claim to find a final and irresistible demonstration of what they had already discerned in the normal experiences of human existence.

Secularists of this class might take up the position that, though they can denounce Christianity for its failure to remedy the ills of human society, it does not follow that they must be prepared to offer a substitute which will succeed where Christianity has failed. It may be that no substitute is practicable, and that humanity is merely experiencing the inevitable effects of its condition. It is enough in that case that its critics should be able to convict it of failing to justify the high pretensions clothed in which it has posed before the world for so long. This, however, though a strictly logical position to take up, is not one that can easily recommend itself to human optimism, and it is due to those whose criticism of Christianity we are considering to acknowledge that they do take upon themselves the responsibility of propounding a substitute in the adequacy of which they believe. At all events the two writers to whose articles we have called attention do this. Professor Adams Brown indeed does not altogether give up Christianity itself. He thinks that the war has arisen, not because the Christian religion has shown its powerlessness to prevent it, but that the principles of Christianity have not been applied to the subject, and he lays the blame for this on

the group of men temporarily in control of the policy of the leading European nations . . . who have deliberately accepted the thesis of the social impracticability of Christianity, and . . . the ecclesiastical authorities who in each of the European nations have taken their cue from the utterances of their respective governments, and with little or no criticism accepted the official point of view as their own.

We shall meet the Professor's criticisms presently by showing what the Church has done, and is doing, by way of applying the principles of Christianity to the war now going on. The "Secretary of the Sociological Society" is more downright. Leave out God, she would say, leave out Jesus Christ and the special doctrines and ordinances of the religion which reveres Him as its Founder, and let there be substituted a more solid recognition of the human brotherhood of man, without distinction of races and kingdoms; let there be, in short, a far extending, indeed universal, social league, organized somewhat after the manner of the Catholic Church, which, like it, has in view the welfare and prosperity of all sorts and conditions of men wherever they may be, but which, unlike it, does not fetter itself with an indissoluble attachment to old-world theories and discredited ideals; but, taught by the most recent experience, seeks to remove the sources of rivalry, in the firm belief that, if proper methods are pursued, it is possible to overcome the contentions that divide men among themselves, by reconciling the claims of each and all to stable happiness, and providing for all alike a sufficiency of the means of comfortable existence. This "Secretary of the Sociological Society," in advocating her alternative system, misrepresents Christianity by caricaturing its doctrines and ideals of life, as though "it were founded on the apotheosis of suffering" for suffering's sake, and made its main endeavour to induce men to submit with resignation to a lot of inevitable misery, instead of seeking to diffuse among them that reign of peace and gladness, of which the angels heralded the approach on the night of the Nativity. It is this apotheosis of suffering which she conceives to have failed, but, she urges, there is another Christianity, or at least another religion, founded on the cult of joy and unburdened with any doctrines that have to be harmonized with science, for it is harmony with science from the first. This deeper Christianity, she continues, has neither failed nor succeeded, for the simple reason that, unlike the form which has failed, it has never been fairly tried. Her

object in communicating her article to the *Hibbert Journal* is to propose that it should be given a trial forthwith, and to inaugurate the trial by drawing out the lines it should follow.

The gratitude of all is assured to any one who can successfully accomplish such a work. What then is her secret? Let us hear her expound it:

It is in the immaterial region of ideas that religious people ought to be strong and efficient. Their vocation consists in creating and maintaining a system of ideas that exclude hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. Their peace and goodwill ought to pervade the world irresistibly like sunshine, and they ought to make their universe of genial and robust thoughts so attractive that even outlaws of the German stamp feel its charm, and wish to strive to be both in it and of it.

That this is to be desired and worked for we shall all agree, but some might deem it hard to attain. On the contrary, we are assured that it is about the easiest thing in the world to attain, even with the completeness without which it would be insufficient to realize our mentor's expectations.

There is no doubt that if within the last forty years [Christians] had spent a third of the trouble and cleverness on producing such an atmosphere that the nations of Europe have devoted to the science and art of war, no human heart would have entertained any of the brutality by which men are discrediting civilisation to-day.

This is highly interesting, but could not our wise mentor have explained to us with a little more definiteness and detail the nature of the course which, had we taken it during the period intimated, must have led us on to so splendid an achievement? For it is not as if we had been wholly inactive in our endeavours to promote works of benevolence and to cultivate cordial relations between the different nations during these forty years that have elapsed since the terrible Franco-Prussian war. On the contrary, when one reflects on the records of this particular period, one cannot but feel that it stands out in history as a time that has been specially fruitful in the establishment and development of Christian works of this very sort tending to promote benevolence, cordiality and friendliness between classes and countries, works all inspired and maintained by just that spirit of zeal and devotedness which our critics de-

siderate, works, moreover, which seemed to be achieving a signal success in bringing the nations together, right up to the fateful moment when the dogs of war were let loose by a party who conceived themselves to be supermen, with the consequent right and power to hold all the rest in abject servitude. We are speaking, it is true, of that species of Christianity which we take to be the purest, and which, by general acknowledgment, is the most widely-spread and highly-organized and united. But it is true also in proportion of other forms of religion, in England at least, whether also in Germany we are not in a position to say. In what then have we all deflected from the plan which in our critic's judgment was so certain to have led to a success that would have made the war impossible?

She has a long passage in which she might claim to have responded to this our demand, so let us hear it, though it is not likely that our readers will find it particularly instructive:

Since conduct is initiated and guided not by single ideas or by a mysterious kind of homunculus called the Will, but by many trains and clusters of ideas, it is evident that if men shut all thoughts of enmity out of their minds and cultivated benevolence until it became the mental atmosphere in which every one lived and moved and had his being, they would no longer bring disease and wars and famines and other miseries into existence. . . . What the religionists of to-day have to do to make this ideal effective is to leave enmities and complaints alone and give their whole energy to the promotion of charity and goodwill. They must imbue the minds of all men with peace and *bonhomie* and cheerfulness. . . . They must aim not at the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but at the greatest happiness of every one; and they must never for a moment consider this enterprise extravagant. . . . A closer study of individuals than even psychologists have yet attempted will show that every one is different from every one else. Each can fill some niche that no one else would occupy so well; and there need be no competition between either individuals or nations, which involves envy on the one hand and self-sacrifice on the other. To find the particular work and the social position that suits any given man or woman is not so difficult as it seems, for ambitions are limited by experience. . . . If by a royal decree perfect freedom to choose his own way of life could be granted to every one, the proclamation would not make a ploughman wish to be a barrister, or a cheesemonger to be a physician, a member of parliament, or a dignitary of the Church.

This authoress is not too favourably disposed towards Germans, and has several sharp hits at them in her article. None the less, she would have them brought within the scope of these operations for the establishment of universal well-being, which she desires to see set in motion. Nor does she anticipate much difficulty in bringing them in. All that is needful is apparently to convert them to the sort of "orientation of ideas which is wont to change peoples' natures"; and we all know how easy it is to exercise that kind of influence.

In Germany there are hundreds of thousands of people who will not give a moment's thought to English work of any description, [but] they could hardly keep up this ludicrous contempt if international institutions for good-humoured social intercourse were established in their midst.

Our readers will become impatient, if we quote much more of this sociological lady's prescription for the healing of the world's social maladies by the application of jam-poultices. But we have ventured to call a passing attention to it, not for its own sake, although the *Hibbert Journal* has not thought it unworthy of being laid before the public, but because it illustrates, by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, the radical error inherent in all the schemes of those who take scandal at what they are pleased to consider the failures of Christianity, and are confident that if men would only consent to apply their *nostrums* they could enable them quickly to transform the world, now so torn by wars and other evils, into an earthly paradise. For the fatal error of all these would-be social physicians, of the anti-Christo-pathic school, is that they have very little practical acquaintance with mankind, and so set man before their eyes, not as he is *in rerum natura* with a will full of stubborn determination, and if need be, resistance, together with an inveterate propensity to serve the egotisms of the personality whose instrument it is, but in an abstract conception which exhibits him as singularly pliant to the exhortations of the theorists themselves. Thus conceiving of him they sit down in their studies to prescribe for him, or meet in congresses to form their plans for his improvement, persuaded that at the mere sound of the uncouth word altruism, he will divest himself at once of all his refractory egotisms, and find not only his contentment, but also his delight in living entirely for the benefit of others. These theorists, like the one whose article we are considering, are always

clamouring for an opportunity to have their schemes put into practice, and complaining that such opportunities are never given them. As a matter of fact they have either been given them, or have taken them, frequently, and always with deplorable results. Take, for instance, the whole history of our neighbours across the Channel for the last hundred years or so, that is, from the outbreak of the Revolution of 1789 onwards. The leaders of that movement started from the belief that man's nature is good in itself, and that if in his past history he has degraded himself often by enmities and conflicts, this was due to the evil system under which he had always lived. Let him now be emancipated from servitude to discredited dogmas and tyrannies, and placed under the government of his own free thought and the principles of positive science, then a marvellous transformation would be effected. Under the governance of liberty, equality and fraternity would flourish, together with every other virtue, and the soil of human society would be converted into a veritable earthly paradise. Then, as said the ex-Abbé Grégoire, from the tribune of the Convention, "virtue and probity will be the order of the day, and this order will be eternal." The new age was thus to begin with a baptism of social regeneration, and a special festival was held to commemorate the occasion. On the ground where once had stood the Bastille, a colossal statue of a woman to represent Nature was erected, from whose breasts poured forth water as from a fountain, whilst the President of the Convention led the way in drinking from this sacred source, whilst he addressed nature in these terms:

O nature, thou sovereign of savage and civilised alike, this assemblage of the people that gather round at thy feet with the first rays of the sun, is worthy of thee, for now it is free it is from thy breast, from this sacred source, that it drinks, and having recovered its rights it has become regenerate. After having wandered for so many years amidst errors and servitudes it has come back to the simplicity of thy ways to find Liberty and Equality. . . . May these waters . . . consecrate in this cup of Fraternity and Equality the oaths that France makes to thee on this the brightest day on which the sun has looked down since it was first hung up in the immensity of space.

So the new age began, but who will say that the promises thus fulsomely expressed have been realized? The years that at once followed have been called, by the general consent of the whole world, the Reign of Terror, as being a time of do-

mestic strife when it was just the quiet-living and tender-hearted that were picked out to be the victims of persecution and carnage; a time too of international strife, the like of which had never been experienced before, although it fell far short of the carnage of the war in which we are now engaged. Since that time of horror France has passed through many political vicissitudes. At times she has been ruled over by Kings and Emperors, or has been under Republican institutions, administered by the same type of men as those who controlled her fortunes at the end of the eighteenth century. For the last half century it is these latter that have been in power. The principles of 1789 have been resumed by these in their entirety. The characteristic motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," is inscribed on the front of every public building, but no one who is not a persecuting fanatic would say that the boasted ideal they are supposed to express has been realized. Rather the reality which the experience of a century has taught the world to associate with this threefold maxim is that of a regime administered by atheists, whose primary object is to deprive of their liberty of conscience, reduce to a state of civil inferiority, and pursue with the bitterest enmity all who claim their essential right to live themselves, and bring up their children to live, in accordance with the teaching and precepts of the Holy Catholic Church. What wonder if in consequence, instead of converting their country into the earthly paradise predicted, they have destroyed its unity by dividing its sons into two hostile parties, which only the stern exigencies of self-defence against a ruthless invader have availed to render quiescent for a while.

It would be easy to supply other examples of the impotence of these secularist theories for eliminating wars and other conflicts, domestic or international, by vain attempts to give to each and all the good things they are bent on having. But this one example must suffice to illustrate the undoubted historical fact that no system of human brotherhood, unsupported by an active and practical recognition of the dependence of men upon God as their Creator and upon Christ as their Redeemer, has had this sort of success in the past, or would have been likely to have had it if applied to the war now raging. Indeed, as regards this last point the illustration given is particularly appropriate, inasmuch as it was France on whom fell, in the first instance, the necessity of meeting the German challenge, and the rulers who represented France

at that critical moment, were precisely the men who held these secularist ideas about human brotherhood; and, as is shown by the Courses of Moral Instruction which at their instigation had been taught in the official schools for some decades past, believed firmly in their power to heal the social ills of humanity, if only the Catholic religion could be suppressed.

Let us now return to the charge brought against the Christian religion, and see if it can be sustained against her that she has proved herself to be perfectly helpless in the face of the calamities brought on by this present war or by previous wars. And to begin with we must insist that the Catholic Church (for to her, as to the most authentic expression of Christianity, we must confine ourselves here, leaving what we contend for as regards her to be applied in due proportion to the other Christian bodies), has never made the egregious mistake of under-estimating the reality and strength of men's resistance even to the best authorized movements for the good of humanity, when they come into collision with their cherished egotisms. The warnings of her Divine Founder, though He promised her guidance and protection, and assured her of the marvellous success that should attend her mission to the world, never encouraged her in the delusion that her task would be easy, or that she would meet with a ready welcome and not rather a stubborn opposition from the powers of the world, which would band together to fight her down, inflicting on her children, and especially on their spiritual leaders, unceasing persecutions and martyrdoms. Just before His Passion, our Lord stood with His chosen disciples, admiring the beautiful stones of the Temple on Mount Moriah, and announcing their forthcoming overthrow. He then used the occasion to foretell to them in outline what should be throughout the ages the destiny of the Church He was choosing them as His instruments to found.

Take heed [he said to them solemnly] that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name saying I am Christ, and shall deceive many. And you shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, yet see that you be not troubled, for all these things shall come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these things are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and you shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. . . . And because

iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure to the end he shall be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness to the nations, and then shall the end come.

To the forewarnings of the Master were added the instructions of the Apostles. "From whence are wars and contentions among you? [says St. James (iv. 8)]. Come they not hence,—from your concupiscences, which war in your members? You covet and have not. You kill and envy, and cannot obtain. You contend and war." And that these concupiscences would go on to the end, stirring up wars and contentions, was predicted, with special view to the last days, by St. Paul in his second Epistle to St. Timothy:

Know also this that in the last days shall come dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud; blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked; without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness; traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures more than of God; having an appearance indeed of piety, but denying the power thereof. Now these avoid.

Such were the foreshadowings of their future task under which the apostles and their successors entered upon the discharge of their commission; and we, who can look back, are aware how the fulfilment accorded with the prediction. It is not necessary to repeat the oft-told story of the fierce opposition under which they had to press their way forward, facing persecution after persecution of the severest kind at the hands of the pagan Emperors for nearly three centuries; then in succession at the hands of the heretical Emperors who succeeded Constantine; of the leaders of the northern tribes, which breaking in upon the territory of the Western Empire, created for the Church an entirely new situation to deal with; of the self-willed mediæval sovereigns who, if they were Catholics at heart, and evinced at times sentiments of the most edifying piety, were incessantly opposing themselves to spiritual measures of vital importance for the religious welfare of their people; at the hands again of heretical sovereigns, who at the time of the Reformation, or since, went over to Protestantism; and finally at the hands of atheistic rulers in this present age of revived paganism. How could it be expected that the Church, having to struggle for the right under these untoward conditions, should at all times

have been able to stop at once by her mere remonstrances, which have usually been the only weapon at her disposal, the many wars which self-seeking and imperious rulers have incessantly been waging against one another, or even against the Church herself, for the destruction of her influence over their subjects? Yet she has been far from showing herself callous or indifferent to the sufferings of her children when at war.

Over and over again through the ages has she pressed her exhortations when war has broken out, or propitious occasions have seemed to offer during the course of hostilities, appealing in the tenderest language to the hearts of the belligerent leaders, beseeching them to reflect on the appalling loss of life, on the number of bereft families, the ruined homes, the far-reaching destruction of the means of subsistence which their action is causing; and pleading with them in the name of their Lord and Saviour who died for them and loves them all alike. Sometimes these Papal remonstrances have succeeded in restoring peace, sometimes they have failed to move the leaders addressed; and this latter is what has happened in the present war. But we ought not to allow ourselves to forget the burning words with which Benedict XV. has more than once pleaded for the restoration of peace, particularly those he employed last July on the completion of the full year of warfare which, as he expressed it, had "transformed Europe into one vast battlefield." Last September we gave in these pages an abstract of this Papal address, and vindicated the pure motives which inspired it from the uncalled-for misrepresentations of some in this country who refused to see in it more than a device for alluring the Allies into the acceptance of an inconclusive peace, which would enable their opponents to prepare for another and still more terrible war to be opened after a few years' delay. What the Holy Father asked for was that the combatants should lay aside their wrath and discuss the character of their grievances, real or supposed, in the light of purely Christian principles, with the view of entering on a reconciliation which, being sincere in its motives and such as our Lord could bless, would show a solid promise of enduring. But we must not repeat what we said in the former article, for we are referring now to this appeal from the Apostolic See solely as a pertinent instance of the efforts the Church is making to bring Christian influences to bear on the combatants. And in this

same connexion we must remind our readers how, on finding himself unable to induce the belligerents to stop the war, the Holy Father rendered the world a solid service and mitigated the lot of the prisoners, by procuring a system of regular exchanges, and arranging for the better care of wounded prisoners belonging to both sides, in Switzerland.

But these are comparatively secondary features in the grand work of christianizing the war which the Catholic Church has been undertaking. Primarily the Catholic Church exists to care for the souls of men by leading them to Heaven, and if her action is also beneficial to them in regard to their earthly life, this is because the virtues which conduct men heavenwards are also those which fit them best for living together in this life, united in the bonds of charity, honouring and serving one another. The Church therefore is doing a splendid service to the cause of human brotherhood when she addresses herself to the individual souls, speaking to them of faith and charity, of sorrow for sin and other Christian duties, and that is what she has been doing with extended and consoling success during the present war. Our Sociological Secretary finds it hard to understand how people can call the war "a divine Providence for purging Europe of its iniquities." God, she should know, is not regarded by us as the cause of wars. What they are the outcome of is the sin and selfishness of the unjust aggressors. But He permits wars thus caused to happen, in the knowledge that good can come out of evil. And of the good thus brought out of evil one element is that the Christian soldier, living as he does habitually in the consciousness that each new day that dawns for him may well be his last, has the thought of death always before him, and cannot but continually be asking himself, Am I prepared to meet it? Under these influences the faith that is in him and the pious practices first taught him in childhood by his truly Christian mother, are supports he clings to as to the very anchors of his soul, and he cherishes them more than ever, or returns to them fondly after a time of backsliding; or, it may be, the *anima naturaliter Christiana* within him wins him over to a love of them, though in youth deprived of them by the fault of others, for now he learns their value by seeing what they are to those around him. And then the clergy who were his trusted friends in youth, brought by their self-sacrifice to his side in the hour of his need, are welcomed with filial gratitude, their counsels and encourage-

ments are willingly listened to, and the Sacraments sought for at their hands. Particularly in these days of danger does the Catholic soldier welcome the opportunity, when it occurs, of joining in the Sacrifice of the Mass, said it may be by a priest with the humblest accompaniments, in some tent, or cave, or ruined church, on which the shells are falling even whilst the august rite is being celebrated. Thus strengthened with the Bread of Life he goes forth into the midst of the battle, with a calm confidence that whatever befalls him the gate of Heaven stands open before him.

It is this which is meant when it is claimed that the war has been the means of evoking among the troops, and not among the troops only, a striking religious revival. It is this which is meant when it is claimed that the war has been "a divine Providence for purifying Europe from its iniquities"; in other words, that it has caused many to enter into themselves and seek remission of their sins, who but for the stimulus of this revival might have persisted till it was too late, in turning a deaf ear to the call of grace. To attain, however, to an intimate realization of what this providential reawakening has been, some suitable account of the incidents of the revival should be read. For the French army, in which the revival has been the most marked of all, several such books are obtainable, but we would particularly recommend *Les Soutanes sous la Mitraïlle*, by the Prêtre-Infirmier, M. René Gaëll. It is a book full of reality, based mainly on letters from the Front, and describing his own experiences of the spirit and piety of the men, written by another French priest, who paid at length the price of his self-sacrifice, slain by the bullets of the foe. One would have liked to cite some of the facts, but it would be necessary to cite a great deal if one wished to convey an adequate impression of the facts. Touching incidents of a similar kind have been told of the Catholic troops in the British army, some of which have been preserved in the columns of *The Tablet* and other Catholic papers. The columns of the Anglican and Nonconformist religious organs can tell of incidents proving that the war has had like effect among the Protestant troops. Nor must we leave out of account what is recorded of the German troops. About the German Protestant troops we can say nothing, for we know nothing; but it is generally believed that, thanks to the extensive ultra-rationalism of their clergy, there is little vital Christianity to be found at the present time in that quarter.

As regards the Catholic German troops the manifesto of the "German Catholics," published in the *Kölnische Volkzeitung* of June 17, 1915, testifies that "millions (?) of Catholic soldiers in the German army, under the impulse of a devotion that was sincere and profound, received the Sacrament before setting out for the war," and, according to the army chaplains, "have maintained this religious earnestness throughout the danger and fatigues of the war." It is what we should have expected from them; and we claim it as a further illustration of the action of the Christian religion on the combatants. We are prepared, too, to believe that it was not these who were guilty of the atrocities that have been brought home to some sections of the German army by tested evidence of the most authentic kind. But no one that we know of ever said they were.

Here, however, we may leave the subject, for we have sufficiently indicated the quarter to which those should turn who are tempted to think that Christianity has shown itself a failure in its action on the present war.

S. F. S.

ON THE MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE

AN oval face full of sweet graciousness,
 A white-drawn veil across the placid brows,
 A robe heart's red, and green of summer boughs
 The veil that folds her in. One shadowed tress
 Against her throat, and eyes of tenderness,
 Full of deep, dreamful boding that foreknows
 Yet is at peace within Love's cloister-close,
 Knowing divine the hands that cling and press.
 Her frail, fair lips in sweet resignation set,
 Obedient she waits the Sacrifice,
 Patient to pain, yet knows it is not yet;
 But the Child-God with His wide-watchful eyes
 Yearns to the future for His own love's sake,
 Though His own heart and her dear heart shall break.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

VI. WAR DOGS.

A MERRY-AIRED morning, that might have lost its way into the war out of some September when Peace was as much taken for granted as All Fools' Day: a morning all sun-laughter, and titter of little winds that played together hide and seek among the forest-leaves: good forest-smells too—some dry and incense-like; others cooler, moister, leaf-smells and earth-smells, but all breath of the empty, pondering woodland. A sky, clear, aloof, ocean-blue, with fleets of small cloud-ships at sea in it.

Last night's camp, in a sloping orchard by the wayside, already half-forgotten: abandoned at daybreak, only reached long after the nightfall of yesterday, it belongs to past things, dimly held in memory, as much as any chance acquaintance of a journey made long ago.

Even the road along which one has since passed not easy to recall:—which village came first—the long one, straggling down from a bluff to a stony river; or the hamlet wedged about a toy church in a saucer of the downs? the gaunt stone farm, half like a fortalice, compact within blind walls; or the other that seemed as much an outcrop of the soft, rich soil as the opulent ricks about it?

Noon not nearly come, but certainly, one would say, dinner-time.

For some while the march had been athwart a table-land, sparsely treed; now it ends at the lip of a wide, but deep valley; water-meadows laid flat along the bottom, the sides hung with close-packed trees. Through them the road slopes and twists down to a town—to two towns, one on either side of a bridge, the only one that spans the river.

Once in the little town the column is halted, and the halt lasts perhaps an hour.

A white town, of clean, shining houses, with spruce gardens, and some assumption of provincial consequence and gentility: too large for a dominant château, but with a score of houses that would do for château in a smaller place.

The Ancient, idly observant, is observed idly, and perhaps conjecturally.

Standing in a narrow *place*, with the fine gates of a good

house at one end of it, he is considered meditatively by a small group—a cobbler, evidently, with scrubby hair; a lean lad with gaunt, melancholy eyes; and two women. The women's eyes are not melancholy, but fierce: not deep, like the boy's, with the darkness that comes from depth, as does the darkness of a tarn in a hollow of the woods, but shallow and black, with the blackness that is merely colour, like a blob of ink's splashed on a white board: hard eyes, and shrewd, watching not telling.

They are mother and daughter, the Ancient decides: and the middle-aged woman's eyes are harder than the old one's. The cheeks of both are white; the mother's like white parchment, the daughter's like white paper.

The cobbler, catching the stranger's eye, ogles the "English" cigarette, unlighted, in his hand, and benevolently (but with *arrière pensée*) suggests matches.

"Matches!" cries the younger woman, not much above a whisper, but with a sharp sibilation that seems almost to echo in the little wedge-shaped *place*. "Matches!"

The cobbler, meeker than most cobblers, half withdraws the twisted knuckles he was bringing from behind the tattered leathern apron: but the Ancient, undismayed, holds his own hand out for the matches, with half a dozen English cigarettes in it.

"Come!" says the woman, "I will show you a thing. They were here last night . . ."

"The Germans . . .?"

"The devils. Come; you will see."

The old woman nods, and nods, with bitter approval.

The cobbler begins to shake his frowzy head, but spits instead.

"It is that . . .," he observes, spitting again to clear his mouth for the full enjoyment of the cigarette he lights apologetically.

Towards the fine gates of wrought iron the two women move, and the younger one commands rather than invites the Ancient to follow on.

She does not talk much—yet. She is willing to allow the stranger's mind to remain fallow for the impression she intends.

Inside the fine gates there is a smart garden, not very large, perhaps not in the best taste, but with much ostentation of a certain taste: rather ugly statues, very ugly fountains, stone

balustrades fencing nothing in particular. The statues represent not heathen deities, naked and unadorned, but heathenish modern females, half-naked, and lost to any shame.

But the garden is, somehow, ruinous: not with the dilapidation of time, and decay, but squalid with the havoc of wanton spoiling: the havoc of yesterday, raw and brutal. If dirt is matter out of place, the garden is all dirty: broken chairs strew it, new chairs, not broken by long or careless use, but smashed in careful misuse: ugly, costly ornaments litter it, thrown out of window, and broken in their fall: some of them deserved little better, but the throwers had not destroyed them in protest against their sham beauty, but because they took the beauty for granted and were minded to ruin it. Other things had been tossed out because they were useful, kitchen-gear and suchlike, and the throwers chose to render them useless.

The doorsteps were foul and littered, as if a generation of Auction Sales had passed over them—and Auctioneer's myrmidons, who can render beggarly in a day the decency of immemorial tenancy. But here it was thieves who had passed, and they had done it all in the time between one sunset and another: rags and tatters; smashed bottles; filth from God knows whence; children's toys—dolls' limbs or carcases, torn pictures, school-prizes . . .

In the entrance-hall the dirt seemed more dirty, because one was within-doors. The thick, costly carpet, smart and blatant a week ago, was like the floor of a cattle-shed, only cattle do not spill trays of food upon their floors, nor are they sick upon them.

And parts of women's dresses, veils, and gloves, gowns and shawls, or shreds of them, had been rifled from above stairs, strewn here and trampled.

In every room there was the same squalor of ruin: where no worse had been done, furniture was overthrown, broken, or torn, where tearing was possible. In every room there were ghastly remnants of feasts; a grand-piano had been a supper-table, and the key-board was a splash-board, where soup that could not be swallowed had been flung; stews had been emptied among the chords, into which were thrust also broken vases, reams of unused, but crumpled and foul, writing-paper, hundreds of picture postcards, and letters from friends or kinsfolk of the desecrated home's owners.

In grim, and almost silent, triumph, the Ancient's two guides led him through these ruined places: the windows were all tight-shut, and there were everywhere sour smells of spilled, stale wine, and spilled, stale food, vinegar, salad (this was often on the sofas and chairs, often on the floor, often splattered on the walls and hangings), horrible relics of stews and hashes, livid lumps of discarded meat. . . .

The staircase was only a steeper variant of the hall, a ladder of shame and shamelessness. The upstairs rooms were much worse. Perhaps because they had really been nicer than the rooms of state and show below. Here one could see there had been less expense, more comfort: still here also it was easy to see there had been opulence and neatness, and good order as well. Everything was at topsy-turvy now. Sheets twisted round table-legs; mirrors broken; wardrobes flung, face downwards, on the floors, and smashed open from behind; heavy and rich curtains torn down, as though for extra blanketing, and left on beds where revelers had slept: boxes of tooth-powder used, one would say, for playful missiles, and so their pinky contents powdering sofas, armchairs, carpets.

It was hard to say which had been ladies' rooms, which men's; for the same monkeyish industry in havoc was visible everywhere—good men's clothing, torn or fouled, thrust on to ladies' toilet-tables, and women's inner garments festooning the racks of what had been a gun-room.

Up here there were fouler and more sickening smells, and the Ancient's two guides interrupted their silence to explain them, in language that English women would have been shy of.

"Look at the beds!" they urged . . . which was what the Ancient had only done once—before he understood. "I said 'DEVILS'; what do you call it? That filth . . ." Then came the insistent superfluous explanation.

They would not spare him. He must see everything—and smell it. He must understand that these had been *officers*, they who had done these things: officers, and, no doubt, their orderlies who would only dare to do what their iron masters approved, and did too.

The Ancient must see the stables, littered with the books and clothing of the ladies of the house; with the playthings from the children's nursery; with drawing-room cushions, dinner ware, toilet ware . . .

At last he did escape, back into the clean sunlight of the little *place*.

"There!" hissed the younger woman. "You have seen."

Then, suddenly, with brawny arms akimbo, she thrust her face into his, and cried.

"I should not mind, I, if *that* house were all. They are rich folk, those. From Paris. They can buy a new home. In Paris, eating well, drinking good wine, they will not miss it all."

And, as she spoke, the Ancient saw in her a great-granddaughter of the *tricoleuses*. Livid, furious, cold, pitiless, her fury was not all for the invader, or chiefly even, as it seemed; but for the rich.

"*Hein!* I pity not that one. He and his. They are not of our *pays*. Not of us. They are of Paris. They buy this house, and stuff it, with all that stuff that could feed half our street, and come here in summer, to eat and drink, and play: then the Boche comes and spoils it all. So be it. Amen. I do not care, I."

Certainly she was of the *tricoleuses*, and a type the Ancient had not yet seen. Only *one* type, by the grace of God, and not typical as of the French women in general. Very unlike the French women he had mostly known, sober, kindly, pitiful: unenvious, content to toil and enjoy frugally the frugal fruits of industry and prudence—with God's blessing on it.

"But, come!" she cried, grabbing the Ancient's shoulder, "and I will show you. You shall see what I pity. Ah-h."

And with a very swift turn she pushed him through an open door and up a steep stone stair to a home that consisted of a single floor, three or four rooms, all very small.

"This," she almost yelled, "was, two days ago, the home of one of *us*, of our *pays*, of one who ploughed it, and picked it, bit by bit, out of the ground, with *his* hands, and his wife's, and his wife's mother's hands, and his son's hands, and his daughter's hands. Look, *HERE!*"

There was the same ruin, and havoc, and filth, and devilment: only more crowded, and more striking, and more visibly damnable, for being crammed into so much smaller spaces and for being the ruin of a poorer, slower effort at decency and order and comfort. The garments were sadder, I think, because they had cost so much less money, so much more time, so much more labour. There was little here that had been superfluous: little that had stood for sheer ornament: by slow

degrees the things that make the difference between poverty and ease of life had been earned and added to the home. All alike, now, lay soiled, battered, trampled, derided, desecrated. Children's garments, fashioned by tired hands after the children had been laid to bed; men's garments patched and mended, with frugal care; the mother's own *fête*-clothes, saved from year to year, and never despised as out of fashion; all dragged about, fouled, torn, ruined: the bits of furniture, gathered at slow intervals, the strictest necessities first, then the few witnesses of a late-won prosperity—an arm-chair, an *escritoire*,—all broken, thrown down, insulted . . .

"*Here is what I pity!*" cries the virago. "And you? What does your England know of such work as this? Your place is an island, they tell. Does the Boche come to *you*? Does he play these hell-games in *your* poor-folks' hard, hard-earned homes? *Remember!*"

She no longer housed her words sparingly: but vomited them, with a fury of prodigality. She neither waited for, or wanted, any response. She wanted to enjoy the spitting out of her rage; she liked it better than the daintiest meal. And yet all her vehemence was less eloquent than the pitiful ruin in which she stood. The few rooms had been clean, with all the proud cleanliness of a French peasant's home, to whom cleanliness is a part not of sentiment, as it is with the English peasant, but a part of economy: and how it could have been made so foul in so brief a time was hard to understand. No description could convey the result of squalor achieved by mere destruction, misuse, a spiteful resolve to spoil, and to insult insensate things.

When the Ancient escaped the column had moved on, and he had to hurry after it, with his late guide's "*Remember*" stinging in his ears.

As it happened the march was nearly finished for that day. Crossing the bridge, to the other little town with another name, winding up by a steep white road, he found the "unit" turned aside into a flat field with the deep valley twisted round it on three sides. A lovely place: and a miracle that it had not suggested to someone a great castle. The field was full of cows, and some of the soldiers were already trying to catch and milk them: but even when caught it was not easy to milk them. There were woods nearly all round, and presently puffs of smoke detached themselves from among the trees, followed by the familiar noise. Whose guns? Ours

or the enemies? Both, it seemed; and it was not easy to guess which were which: it was less easy still to make out at what they were firing. Down river one could see far, between the widely parted lips of the valley: above the two towns the river took an immense sweep, almost encircling the place where we were; down river the woods of the right bank, as we looked at it, was, it should seem, held by our artillery: the left by the enemy: but where the curve came it appeared that part of it was held by us, part by the foe.

To be where we were sounds rather dangerous, and perhaps was so: after a few hours it was dangerous enough for us to receive an order to quit. But, at the time, it only seemed very lovely: the day was so smiling and good-tempered; the mysterious woods seemed so little to lose their immemorial peace by the odd tenants they held unseen. Half-way up the hillside, in one place, in a clearing among the trees, was a large house, surrounded by many barns, with a trim, sloping garden in front: not a château, but the wealthy abode of a *Maitre de Forges*: his *usines* lay along the riverside beneath, under the keen eyes of his windows. Three or four times, or more, a German aeroplane came close over us, like a dazzling white bird up in the blue: and instantly shells began to burst all around it. When one was driven away another came—often during the afternoon. None was brought down.

The afternoon grew hot, for the breeze fell: it was hard to keep awake, after the start at daybreak, and the long march.

So the Ancient sallied forth to explore. He found a street of villas, each overlooking the valley, and each with a pretty garden: all empty. It was easy to enter, for the Germans had been there, and had broken the doors open.

From one to another the Ancient passed, finding in each the same ruin, havoc, spoiling, desecration, filth, and shame: you would say that bands of malevolent apes had been holding spiteful, senseless, ingeniously destructive Carnival there: as though, long kept under by the superiority of Man they had seized a moment of anarchy for revenge—not revenge of any injury, but of Man's hated superiority. So they had outraged Man's sense of decency and reverence; had marked for peculiar insult and desecration the things Man holds sacred by nature—the privacies of his women-folk, the play of his children, the shrine of his hearth.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

DISCONTINUITY: AN UNEXPLAINED TRADITION

A FEW years ago we heard of a movement in Austria to break "loose from Rome,"—*los von Rom*. English Protestants would naturally sympathize with that movement; perhaps also those who call themselves English Catholics. If that movement had succeeded on a large scale and had cut off Austria from the Catholic Church, it would be quite natural and intelligible that there should be great rejoicing among those who do not believe in the Catholic Church.

Now suppose that when the separation was accomplished and firmly established, its authors began to deny that there ever had been any separation; began to say, "We never broke loose from Rome, because we never were joined to Rome. We are just what we have always been, Austrian Catholics; we never were Roman Catholics,"—suppose they said that, would English Protestants sympathize with them in that also? I do not think so. I think rather their thought would be this: It is very well to break away from Rome, but why should you tell lies about it? All the world knew that you were Roman Catholics, that if any country was Roman Catholic it was Austria. We pitied you for being Roman Catholics. We rejoiced at your movement to emancipate yourselves from Rome. We gave you our sympathy and encouragement throughout. And now why do you ask us to forget it all and to pretend that there has been no emancipation? What else has all the movement been about?

Suppose further that they ventured to keep up the pretence, and went on to say: "You are under some mistake. There never was a *los von Rom* movement. There are a few Roman Catholics among us now, who talk of that movement; probably they are the inventors of the whole story. They must have joined the Church of Rome about the period you mention; because before that they were with us, and now they are against us. It was they that changed, not we. We never were joined to Rome, and therefore could not break loose from Rome; so that a *los von Rom* movement was a simple impossibility. The whole story of it is a Roman Catholic invention." What would an English Protestant say

to it all? Surely he would feel that here was a most unblushing attempt to wipe out a page of history and to write a fable in its place.

Now that is exactly what is being done in England. There is an organized attempt to wipe out the whole history of England's Catholic days and of England's breaking away from Rome, and to write in its place the fable of a continuous Church of England that has always been what it is now. This fable is taught to the children and the uneducated, in schools, at church doors, in the press; but the men at the back of it, who teach it and elaborate it, are scholars and men of university education. Here are the outlines of the fable as displayed at church doors:

A branch of this Church was planted in this land 1500 years ago. This branch, enlarged in the 6th century and cleansed in the 16th, is here still and is known as the Church of England. She has never separated from the Church of Christ in other lands, and never left the "old paths" in this land. We can trace the source of this Church back to the first centuries and to Christ. We can only trace the Romanist body (in England) back for 300 years. English Romanists separated in 1570 under Pius V.¹

A deliberate attempt is being made to instal this "continuity" as part of the common knowledge of the people, so that the next generation may grow up in the continual presence of it and drink it in unconsciously. At the church doors in many places is shown a list of the pastors of the parish or of the Bishops of the diocese, dating from the earliest Catholic times, and continued with no sign of a break down to the present Anglican holder. The educated men who put up these continuous lists of course know that they are no evidence on the question of continuity. They would laugh if I put up a continuous list of the kings of England to make people think there was no Norman Conquest; or a list of the mayors of Montreal to prove that Canada was never French. But to the uneducated and the children these lists seem a standing token of the continuity of the Church, and they breathe in the idea by the mere fact of frequenting the church. And sometimes it is clear that the lists are put up for the sake of producing this effect on the uneducated,—not for the enlightenment of antiquarians. Sometimes there is a placard boldly stating that the present ministry connects by an unbroken chain with the Apostles.

¹ Mowbray's *Oxford Broadsheets*, No. 15.

Also, the tradition of common talk is to be changed. The common way of speech over almost all the country has handed down the distinction of Catholic and Protestant just as we understand it—Catholic and Papist and Romanist meaning the same thing. If you ask for the nearest Catholic church in a town, or ask if there are any Catholics in a country place, people understand you at once, because you are using the manner of speech they have always known. In some places they speak of the old faith and of what the church was used for in Catholic times. And now this traditional way of speech is to be changed—a bold but not hopeless undertaking. It is to be changed because it perpetuates the knowledge that all England was once Catholic as we are now; and it is to be replaced by a manner of speech which shall embody the notion of continuity. The children are taught the formula, "We are Catholics, but not Roman Catholics," with the implied deduction, "*You* are Romans, and you have no right to be in England." If this attempt succeeded, the time would come when we should go to a country village and ask: "Are there any Romans here?" and the answer would be, "No, we are all Catholics about here"; and so from the ordinary form of speech children would learn to look on themselves as the heirs of England's Catholic days, and on us as foreign intruders. At present the truth is safeguarded by the traditional speech—"Are there any Catholics here?"—"No, we are all Protestants about here."

Again, an attack is being made, not perhaps very systematically as yet, on those books that hand on the tradition of a Catholic England and a Protestant Reformation. This tradition had found its way everywhere. Acts of Parliament mentioned it when need was. Prison authorities, and Boards of Guardians, and the Army, all seemed to take for granted that their subjects would be either Catholics or Protestants, and that members of the Church of England would rank as Protestants. If a man wrote a dictionary of dates, or any such historical compendium, he recorded in it the separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome; and sometimes gave the year and the very month when the Protestant Reformation was established in England. If he wrote a guide-book to an abbey or cathedral, he distinguished just as we should between its Catholic days and its use (or disuse) by the Church of England since the Reformation. It is the same if you open a county history, a

book of local antiquities, a biography, even a poet who lets his history peep through his poetry; all alike take for granted that before the Reformation they are dealing with the Church of Rome, and not with the present Church of England. I shall return later to this tradition in literature and speak of it more fully. At present I only point out that an attack on it has been begun. Present-day guide-books, and school histories, and encyclopædias, are being written from a "Continuity" standpoint, which in time will change the character of our libraries. At present any one who uses a library of older reference books finds the change of religion meeting him at all points. In a future library it will have disappeared and continuity will have taken its place.

But the foundation-work to be done by the believers in continuity is the providing of scholarly historical works which shall convey the theory to all future students. Let me draw up an imaginary prospectus of the principles guiding the new school in their re-writing of history. It would run somewhat as follows:

"In writing the early history of England we must remember that the Church of those times is no longer the Church of Rome, but our own Church of England. We must therefore cease writing of how the Church of Rome kept the people in darkness; and instead tell how the Church of England enlightened them. We must take possession of all the Saints of that period as our own, and cease to make little of them, and begin to make much of them.

The monks and nuns are no longer to be treated as members of the Romish Orders, but as children of the Church of England dwelling in her bosom. So we must no longer view the convents and monasteries as homes of superstition, ignorance, indolence, and vice; but we must write of them as either an ornament or a blot on the Church of England; remembering that it is she and not the Church of Rome who is now responsible for them. Unless, indeed, we can devise a theory which will present them as foreign bodies intruded by Rome to disturb the life of the Church of England.

The religious teachings and practices of early times must no longer be presented as superstitious and corrupt with a view to preparing the reader's mind to welcome a breach with the Roman Church and Roman teaching. On the con-

trary, they must be treated with sympathy, and as far as possible, made to appear identical with the present teaching and practice of the Church of England.

All dealings with Rome we must treat of one by one, and be prepared to explain them as isolated accidents; it must not appear that they are part of the very life of the Church in England.

In writing of Wyclif and other would-be reformers, we must no longer glorify them as morning-stars of the Reformation, or champions of religious freedom, or early protesters against the despotism of Rome. We must remember that they are now rebels against the Church in this land, that is to say against the Church of England, our own Church; and accordingly we must identify ourselves with the Church authorities who condemned and punished them. We must take the same attitude to them as we now should take to any man who should separate himself from the Church of England and start a Nonconformist movement."

So far our imaginary prospectus.

The re-writing of history on these lines goes on and doubtless will go on, and the writers are men of sufficient weight to hold their position among scholars, even though the studies of the best students, Catholic, Protestant, and independent outsiders, combine to prove their position untenable.

But when they have made the history to their liking up to the Reformation, there remains something for them to do in post-Reformation times. They have to explain something in English literature. Since the Reformation English literature has been in the main Protestant, with a thin stream of Catholic writing running beside it. How comes it that as a whole Catholic and Protestant alike take it as a known fact that the old Church in England was the Church of Rome? That calls for explanation. That is the point on which I wish to concentrate attention: How are we to explain the existence of this tradition which runs through English literature and laws and speech ever since the Reformation?¹ The Catholic explanation is that the change of religion was

¹ The nature, genesis, extent, persistence of the great Protestant tradition which began with Elizabeth, and long antedated Anglicanism as we now know it, has been discussed with matchless force and effect by Newman in his *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*. (C.T.S. 1s.)

a plain and public fact like the Napoleonic wars or American independence, a matter in which every one took sides and knew the arguments for and against. At the time it would have been as absurd to say "there is no change of religion" as to say "there is no Napoleon" or "there is no War of Independence." And the one tradition has been handed on as naturally as the others. That is the Catholic account, and the Protestant account. What other explanation can be given? The only suggestion I have heard is that the story of a change of religion was invented by the Catholics.

I have heard it only from an uneducated person, who claimed her minister's authority for it. I do not know that it is part of the continuity creed; only, I do not see what other theory they can hold. But I invite close attention to the fact that the tradition I have spoken of has to be explained somehow, and to the absurdity of saying it was invented by Catholics.

You may convince yourself that the English Church before the Reformation was identical with the present Church of England; and you may feel justified in placing at your church-door the statement that "English Romanists separated from the Church of England in 1570." But then—how are you going on after 1570? Will you seriously maintain that those few English Romanists invented a fiction that the whole nation had previously been English Romanists: that they got this fiction accepted at once as fact by the Church of England Bishops and controversialists: that the most extreme Protestants were cheated into believing it and glorying in the contrast between their own freedom and the bondage of their forefathers: that this same fiction was adopted by Parliament and embodied in its laws, adopted by the people and preserved in their speech, adopted by the educated world of England so that it found continuous expression in English literature for hundreds of years: and that it was left to the nineteenth century and to Oxford to discover that the fiction was a fiction? Is that a position that any scholar can seriously accept and set himself to justify? We know of course that a Government can establish a false tradition as to some individual fact or the life of particular persons, and that this tradition may so spread as I have described. But here it is a question of a small and persecuted Catholic minority spreading a false tradition about the whole nation's immediate past, and getting their bitterest oppon-

ents to accept it at once and unquestioningly. The thing is simply inconceivable.

I proceed to give a few instances to illustrate how Protestant literature hands down the same tradition as Catholic literature,—the tradition that the pre-Reformation Church in England was the Church of Rome.

I begin with three Protestant Bishops of the Church of England. The tradition may be expressed shortly in words quoted from Bishop Jewel's letter to Peter Martyr, written in 1562:

We have lately published an apology for the change of religion among us, and our departure from the Church of Rome.

How came Bishop Jewel to imagine he had once belonged to the Church of Rome, and had departed from it by a change of religion? and this eight years before "the English Romanists separated in 1570"!

Bishop Percy (1765), in editing one of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*—the Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman—puts it even more concisely:

The violent struggle between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind.

A few sentences later, contrasting *Everyman* in Henry VIII.'s reign with *Lusty Juventus* in Edward VI.'s, he says:

In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions.

Evidently *he* did not realize that "old mother church" "is here still and is known as the Church of England," as the present-day church-door placard tells us!

Bishop Short, of St. Asaph, is quoted as writing in 1847 (*History of the Church in England*):

The Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of Henry VIII., but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward VI.

These Protestant Bishops give the tradition clearly and explicitly. Here are some less explicit instances:

Milton gives his impression of the then Church of England in *Lycidas*. It badly needed such earnest souls as Lycidas, for it was in the hands of "Blind mouths," who "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," "to scramble at the shearers' feast"; "the hungry sheep look up, and are not

fed," while the Church of Rome "the grim wolf . . . daily devours [them] apace, and nothing said." Only, it is to be observed, he looks back to St. Peter as the head of the Church of England. But his impression of the pre-Reformation Church is given, short and sharp, in the sonnet on the late Massacre in Piedmont, the massacre of

them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones?

Imagine Milton's astonishment if he now entered an Anglican Church and read at the door that the Church of England has "never left the 'old paths' in this land."

Swift satirizes the conflict of Catholic and Protestant in *A Voyage to Lilliput*; he calls the two parties "Big-Endians" and "Little-Endians." The point I call attention to is the first sentence:

It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking Eggs before we eat them was upon the larger End: But his present Majesty's Grandfather, while he was a Boy, going to eat an Egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his Fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his Father published an Edict, commanding all his Subjects, upon great Penalties, to break the smaller End of their Eggs. The People so highly resented this Law, that our histories tell us there have been Six Rebellions raised on that account. . . . These Civil Commotions were constantly fomented by the Monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the Exiles always fled for refuge to that Empire. It is computed that Eleven thousand Persons have, at several times, suffered death, rather than submit to break their Eggs at the smaller End.

This, translated, gives us Swift's impression of the history; the change began with the Crown, and was forced on an unwilling people; it led to rebellions, and many martyrdoms for the old faith; the neighbouring monarch, the King of France, fomented the rebellions and protected the Catholic exiles. But, first and foremost, Swift thought it was agreed on all hands that the Catholic way was the primitive way,—that the Catholics who rebelled and who suffered death in later times represented the old Church and the old ways.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Tobias Smollett wrote his *History of England*. He prides himself on his impartiality. "He is soured by no controversy in religion: he is inflamed by no faction in politics. Truth is the object of his enquiry; and candid information the scope of his labour."

In vol. 6, p. 203, he reaches the final extinction of the Catholic hierarchy in 1559, and records it thus:

Of nine thousand four hundred ecclesiastics who held benefices in England, those who chose *rather to renounce their livings than the Roman catholic religion*, amounted to fourteen bishops, twelve archdeacons, fifteen heads of colleges, fifty canons, and about four score of the inferior clergy: their places being filled with protestants, the church of England was intirely reformed.

So he too hands on the universal tradition which he had received; that those who renounced their livings remained where they were, in the Church of Rome; and that those who held fast to their livings renounced the Roman Catholic religion and adopted another; and that the Reformation of the Church of England consisted precisely in getting a body of Protestants to replace a body of Roman Catholics.

As a sample of books compiled for popular instruction, I take John Wade's *British History Chronologically Arranged* (London: Effingham Wilson, 1839). He has evidently no suspicion that the pre-Reformation Church was anything but the Church of Rome, and he naturally paints it in the traditional black—not as a partisan, but as a mere chronicler of facts. "In British history we have had the benefit of catholic, protestant, and dissenting—whig, tory, and jacobite historians." "Of any party or sectarian predilections I am wholly unconscious." And here is his bare chronicle at the beginning and at the end of the period in question:

The spread of Christianity, through the preaching of St. Augustine and his followers helped to mitigate the evils of this disastrous period. . . . But the Saxon laws and institutions do not appear to have undergone material improvement from the diffusion of the new doctrine, *which may be partly ascribed to the source from which it was derived*. In the Roman worship credulity and superstition were inculcated more than wisdom or morals. Reverence towards saints and relics etc., etc. . . . It was a religion of forms, not of practical uses.

The British Christian Church is tarred with the same brush and for the same evident reason—it too was part of the Church of Rome. He mentions that "Augustine endeavours to persuade the British Bishops to submit to him in the observance of Easter and to accept him for their Archbishop, which they refused," and gives the point of the disputes about Easter and the tonsure. His comment is as follows:

The disputes which divided the clergy relative to the tonsure and the festival of Easter attest it to have been an age of unprofitable theological trifling.

In due course he mentions that John Wyclif "began in the latter end of Edward III. to spread the doctrine of reformation. . . . He denied the supremacy of the church of Rome. . . . He was a man of parts and learning, tinctured with the enthusiasm necessary to make head against the dominant superstition." And in 1401 records that Sawtry "was the first person who suffered this painful death in England for maintaining the doctrines of Protestantism, . . . his execution caused great dismay among the unfortunate followers of Wickliff." It is quite clear that the writer believes that the supremacy of the Church of Rome was part of the dominant superstition in England at this time, and that the Lollard doctrine of Reformation was the same thing as the doctrines of Protestantism.

At the change of religion he wrote as follows:

The gross corruptions of the Romish church had prepared the way for the great events of the Reformation . . . Leo X opened a sale for indulgences or absolution for sin. The grossness of this imposture together with the more general diffusion of knowledge by the new art of printing, prepared the way for the energetic religious reforms introduced by Martin Luther in Germany and Henry VIII in England. . . . One of the principal advantages from the reform of the ancient religion was a more regular execution of justice. While the Catholic superstition subsisted, there was no possibility of punishing any crime in the clergy. . . .

1534. The parliament throw off all subjection to the see of Rome . . . the convocation declare their submission to the King's authority, and abolish Peter-pence. . . .

1535. Henry endeavoured to persuade the king of Scotland to renounce the pope.

Mary, A.D. 1553 to 1558. . . .

In the last reign, the reformed religion was the favoured religion; in the present, Catholicism bore sway, and in that which succeeded Protestantism again recovered its supremacy. Unfortunately, moderation was not a virtue of either papists or protestants in the sixteenth century.

These passages are more than sufficient to make clear the point to which I draw attention, namely, that this writer takes for granted that the old Church in England was the Church of Rome, and that it has been replaced by a reformed Protestant Church.

Now it is easy to say that he is mistaken, easy to re-write the history and provide that future manuals of history shall convey the opposite view,—that the old Church in England was the present Church of England. But that is not enough. If he is in error, you have not merely to correct his error, but also to explain it. How comes this very Protestant writer to agree with the Catholic view on this question of historic fact?

These instances are enough to show in how many ways English literature as a body conveys the universal belief of Protestants and Catholics alike that the old Church in England was the Church of Rome. Every reader can multiply instances from his own reading, once attention has been called to the fact. I invite anyone who honestly believes in continuity to consider this fact and see how it can be fitted in with his theory. You cannot be content to say, We have chiefly to deal with illiterate people who know nothing of older English literature; we can tell them that the story of a Roman Catholic Church in this country was invented by the modern Roman Catholics, and that will satisfy them. It would be monstrous to give that explanation to the uneducated unless you are also prepared to maintain it before scholars. And that is the point: Will you gather all the evidences which show that the very combatants in the Reformation and their successors on both sides believed the question to be one of abiding in the Church of Rome or quitting her,—will you gather these evidences and then attempt to satisfy scholars that that belief on both sides originated in a Roman Catholic fiction?

And further, would you expect your writing to convince Bishop Jewel, for instance, who thought that in the Reformation he changed his religion and left the Church of Rome? That, surely, is the test to keep in mind as you read over your argument. You are contending that as a fact there was no departure from the Church of Rome. Do you think you could convince him that he was beguiled into imagining that departure? That as a fact he was still in the old Church, and his religion unchanged? It seems like trying to convince George Washington that he had never been through a war of independence. But if you know that you could never have got Jewel to believe your statement of the facts, it is surely impossible for you seriously to maintain that statement.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN, O.S.B.

THE STORY OF ST. HILDEGUND, MAIDEN AND MONK

WE are growing accustomed during these troublous times to see women performing many unfamiliar duties and wearing costumes which adapt themselves more and more to the freedom of action required by their masculine avocations. That with the present system of medical inspection, there have actually been cases in which women have figured as combatants in the firing line, I will not venture either to affirm or to deny. The supposition in itself does not seem entirely preposterous, and certainly both the military and the naval annals of the Napoleonic epoch are full of stories of impersonations of this kind. But it may be interesting just now to recall the circumstances of a curious tale, not entirely a "myth of the middle ages," which represents a type of legend very attractive to the crude literary taste of our forefathers. Three narratives dealing with a similar theme are met with in the highly popular collection of James de Voragine, best known under the title of *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend. But while the romantic adventures of a St. Eugenia, of a St. Euphrosyne and of a St. Marina are all undoubtedly fabulous and are located by their chroniclers in the safe remoteness of the earliest Christian centuries, the central fact that one Hildegund, a girl of twenty or thereabouts, wore the habit of a Cistercian monk for many months, and died, A.D. 1188, still undetected and in the odour of sanctity, seems to be established beyond dispute.

Neither, let it be said, can a brief inquiry into the truth of this story be regarded as wholly frivolous. The knowledge of the facts of Hildegund's strange career probably had a distinct bearing upon the universal acceptance of the mediæval legend of Pope Joan. As was shown in these pages some little time since,¹ no authentic traces of the Pope Joan fable are to be found in any chronicler before the middle of the thirteenth century. At that date, some fifty years after the death of Hildegund, the story springs suddenly into vigorous life, nearly all the earliest sources being of German origin. I am not pretending that there is any resemblance between

¹ THE MONTH, May, 1914, pp. 450-463.

the incidents of the career of Pope Joan and those of the life of Hildegund, though the journey to Italy, and especially the successful concealment of their sex to the very last are common to the two. But the fact that such a story was in the air and had recently been something more than a nine days' wonder, circulating through all the monasteries of central Europe, can hardly have failed to win credence for the more astounding marvel which found its climax in a papal accouchement with other legendary amplifications.

Although the novice whose history forms the subject of the present paper is commonly called St. Hildegund, it is to be observed that she has never been canonized and that her name does not occur in the Roman Martyrology.¹ Still, by Cistercian historians she is always styled Blessed, and the entire life was printed by Father Papebroch, the Bollandist, in the *Acta Sanctorum*, under the heading St. Hildegund, Virgin.² No one would be disposed to consider Father Papebroch a wildly credulous person, but there can be no reasonable doubt from the tone of his Preface and notes that he not only believed that Hildegund did in point of fact remain in the monastery undetected for several months until her death, but that in carrying out this strange vocation she was guided by the spirit of God.³ It is perhaps possible to give a hearty adhesion to the first of these judgments without committing oneself necessarily to the acceptance of the second. The illusions of honest and well-meaning mystics must be accounted among the most puzzling phenomena of hagiography. Little as we can sympathize with the tendency of the writings of the late Dr. H. C. Lea,⁴ he may nevertheless be thought to have rendered a service to students by calling attention to the very contradictory conclusions which have been arrived at on different occasions by ecclesiastical authorities in examining the claims of many of these aspirants to sanctity. But let us turn without further preamble to the story before us. The oldest account of Hildegund is unquestionably contained in a document which did not come under the eyes of

¹ Inclusion in the Martyrology is no guarantee of sanctity. The names of Barlaam and Josaphat still stand in the new edition issued under Pius X., though their story is simply a manipulation of the legend of Buddha, which has won credit from its being attributed to the authorship of St. John Damascene.

² *Acta Sanctorum*, April, vol. ii. pp. 780-790. I give references to the original edition of 1675 in preference to the modern reprint.

³ I may call attention more particularly to the tone of note c, p. 789, and to his opinion of the cultus paid to her, p. 781.

⁴ See e.g. his *Chapters in Spanish History*.

Father Papebroch. It claims to have been drafted before the end of the very year (1188) in which the girl monk died. There seems no ground for doubting the truth of this allegation, and, so far as I am aware, no one has ventured to dispute it. The author of the narrative has been identified by J. Schwarzer, who discovered and printed the text in the *Neues Archiv*,¹ with a certain Cistercian Abbot, Engelhard by name, who afterwards retired to Langheim, but who at that time ruled an abbey in Austria. He was not himself a resident at Schönau,² where the novice Hildegund was received and died, but, as he is careful to tell his readers, he was indebted for his facts to an eye-witness who had been a member of the community at the time when this stupendous event occurred. When Engelhard wrote, the Abbot of Schönau was still busied in making inquiries as to the identity of the mysterious novice so recently deceased. That her real name was Hildegund had not yet been discovered. In her male attire she had passed as Joseph, and in the account of her previous history, which she had given in confidence to the Prior and to one of her fellow-novices at Schönau she had carefully suppressed the most surprising circumstance of all, viz. the fact that she herself was a woman. It would seem that the whole of the story which follows was derived entirely from this confidential relation. We do not learn that it was either substantially corroborated or contradicted by the researches which were set on foot after her death. Whatever might be the result of such an investigation, the mediæval temper would have been altogether averse to spoiling a good story. Besides, it is evident that the monks of Schönau were already disposed to regard their strange guest as an asset. She had brought them fame, and more might be expected to follow. Meanwhile the account she had given of herself, as made known, after her death, by the monk in whom she confided, ran somewhat as follows. I have paraphrased rather than translated Engelhard's narrative, partly for brevity's sake, partly because his constant use of the historic present becomes irritating in an English version.

Engelhard begins by telling us that only a few months before he wrote, a young man who gave his name as Joseph had been admitted as a novice into the Cistercian monastery of

¹ *Neues Archiv*, vi. 516—521. The text was derived from a MS. in Count Raczinski's library in Posen. The MS. itself is of the beginning of the 13th century.

² This Schönau is near Heidelberg. There were other abbeys of the same name in other parts of Germany.

Schönau. His prompt reception was mainly due to the recommendation of an aged and much venerated female recluse who was known to some of the community. The strength of the new novice seemed hardly equal to the fatigue and austerity of the life. In spite of many notably courageous efforts, signs of a wavering resolution could not be entirely hidden. Anticipating the disclosure which in fact only took place when the struggle was ended by death, Engelhard conjectures that the poor girl had found the mental strain of keeping such a secret quite unexpectedly great. It was, he realized, a desperate risk to run, for the perceptions of the community were necessarily of a much keener order than those of the thick-witted rustics with whom she had previously consorted, while in a monastic house of strict observance there was no place and no time in which a novice could be sure of privacy. Her safety lay in the religious fervour and simple good faith of those who surrounded her. To harbour any suspicion would have seemed to them impious. "If any monk's own reflexions or any evil spirit had put such an idea into his mind, the thought would at once have withered at the root (*ad radicem mox ubi oriretur aresceret*) it would never have found expression in the slightest hint or gesture, seeing the strict religious observance which prevailed in the monastery."

Except for one or two comments of this kind very little is said of the life led by the novice at Schönau. It would seem that the so-called Joseph was continually ailing, and eventually the illness showed itself to be critical. Death being at hand, the novice sent for the prior, and in making his confession to him, recounted the history of his life, while still concealing his sex.¹ He seems to have hinted indeed that an astonishing disclosure was awaiting them, and according to a later account, he prophesied very positively that he would die on the Wednesday of Easter week, as in fact happened, but it was only in laying out the body that the truth became known, and the Abbot was already in choir taking part in the Office for the Dead, when word was brought him that he must change the gender of the prayers from masculine to feminine, for the novice whom they loved and were commemorating had been discovered to be a woman.

The story told by Joseph to the Prior is repeated by Engelhard in the first person, and runs roughly as follows:

¹ "Vicius morti priorem vocat, confitetur ei, omnia ei sua præter sexum indicat." *Neus Archiv*, vi. p. 519.

I am a native of this country, having been born in the neighbourhood of Cologne of Christian parents. My mother died at my birth and my father fearing to lose me also, made a vow that he would go to the Holy Sepulchre and take me with him if only my life were spared. The vow thus made he duly fulfilled. We both went to Jerusalem while I was still at a very tender age, and we had already set out on our return journey, and had reached Tyre when my father fell ill and died. I was left in charge of a slave whom we had brought with us and abundant resources were entrusted to him to provide for our journey. A ship was found and our passage secured, but at the last moment he went off alone, leaving me penniless to shift for myself. In that strange place, quite ignorant of the language, I lived for a year by begging, suffering continually the pangs of hunger. I addressed myself repeatedly to the German pilgrims who came and went. They pitied me but did nothing. At last a gentleman of noble family took me into his household and allowed me to travel home with him. Hunger and the need of begging for a livelihood taught me French (*Romanum docuit me fames et necessitas mendicandi*). I also acquired a smattering of letters (i.e. Latin) in the schools, picking up scraps of learning as well as of food from the students who frequented them. Eventually I found my way back to my own native land. I turned my steps to these parts and met with kindness from those who knew me. At this time the trouble arose concerning the consecration of the Bishop of Treves.¹ A feud broke out between the Pope and the Emperor. The Bishop of Cologne was dragged into the quarrel. To prevent the forwarding of despatches there was great patrolling of roads and searching of travellers. Every suspected person was held up, but letters did not cease to pass for all that (*apices tamen non sederunt currentes*—a very quaint specimen of Engelhard's vigorous Latin). Those who carried them did so at the risk of their lives but many a clever trick was played upon the watchers. I became one of these letter carriers in the service of the Bishop of Cologne, being chosen for that purpose as less open to suspicion. The chaplain who had been designated as the bishop's agent at the pontifical court engaged me to convey the despatches in his place, making me great promises and allowing me a liberal provision for my journey. The letters were cunningly hidden in a pilgrim's staff which I carried. He went on before empty-handed and secure from danger. I in case I were detected would have to pay the piper. (*Ego si discuterer habui sustinere dispendium*). At Verona I was to give him back the

¹ This was a famous historical incident of much the same nature as the quarrel with King John of England, which occurred some twenty years later upon the election of Cardinal Langton to the see of Canterbury. The Treves dispute began in 1183, when Lucius III. was Pope. See Hauck, *Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands*, iv. 316.

letters. Up to that point there was risk, but in Verona we were safe, for that was the city in which the Pope then held his Court.¹

I had not got as far as the Alps, but while I was still trudging through Rhetia, which is a province of Germany, I came across a robber. He attached himself to me asking me whither I was bound. I said I meant to cross the Alps. He declared that that was his intention also. We tramped on side by side until we came to a wood, not one of very great extent or difficulty of passage. A noise behind caused me to look back and I cry out that there are men pursuing us, advancing with great signs of haste. He said to me "Sit down upon this bag and wait here until I return to you." Thereupon he plunged into the wood to hide until the troop had passed. But their passing was a sore business for me. They came up, caught sight of the bag, flung me aside and in the bag found the stolen goods which they had missed. Thereupon they set upon me, beat me without mercy, and when I declared that I was innocent they only redoubled their blows. My hands were bound with thongs, the stolen property was tied about my neck, and I was dragged off to the court house amid showers of cuffs and curses. They hale me before the judge, the case is clear, no defence is admitted, judgment is delivered and I am sentenced to be hanged. A respite however was allowed me in order that I might make my confession. They fetched a priest and to him I told my sins, making, of course, no mention of the theft. Thereupon he questioned me about it, but I denied it and recounted to him the whole story of what had happened. Especially I urged that the bishop's letters concealed in the stick would prove the truth of my story. The stick was sought for and found, and with it the evidence of my good faith. The priest advised that I should be released and that the wood should be surrounded to catch the real thief. Accordingly they set me free, though under observation, while the robber was captured. He on being charged denied everything and declared that the bag was not his. The priest, acting on my behalf, finally proposed that the judgment of God should decide the matter between us. In such an extremity, he urged, the Divine assistance would not fail. Hence the prisoner who was shown to be guiltless ought to go free, lest an innocent man should perish and God require his blood at their hands. To this proposal all agreed. The ordeal was carried out and the truth made manifest by the test of red hot iron. We both carried it in turn. I was shown to be innocent, he guilty, and upon him

¹ Although there may be some slight apparent confusion as to the chronology, for these events cannot have happened quite at the beginning of the quarrel, when Lucius III. was still Pope, still Urban III., his successor, also held his court at Verona. These details go far to show that Engelhard's narrative was really written in 1138, and that the account is not a fake of a later date. All Urban III.'s bulls are dated from Verona.

was inflicted the sentence of hanging which had first been passed upon me.

Perhaps the narrative may here be interrupted for a moment to point out that in this appeal to the ordeal by hot iron we have again a touch which is in thorough accord with the spirit of the times. The use of these rather barbarous methods of determining a criminal's guilt or innocence lasted on down to the fourteenth century. Several of the manuscripts from which Zeumer and others have printed the formulæ of procedure belong to this date. The ceremonial was almost entirely ecclesiastical in character. The priest who presided wore all his sacerdotal vestments. The big lump of iron—of the size, to judge from contemporary pictures, of a crown 8vo. volume—was first blessed by a long prayer special to the occasion, and was then put to heat in the furnace, while the priest celebrated Mass, also with special prayers, at which the criminal communicated. Then, after other petitions to God for the vindication of justice and truth, the red hot mass was laid upon the bare hand of the accused, who had to carry it a distance of nine feet. The hand was then bound up, sealed, and left to itself for three days. At the end of that time it was inspected by the priest. If the hand was found with nothing but a clean scar the prisoner was deemed innocent, if there was a wound, festered and suppurating, the opposite conclusion was arrived at, and capital punishment was inflicted. But to return to our story:

I was then set free and went to pass the night at the house of the priest. The thief was hanged upon the gibbet. None the less the parents and kinsfolk of the criminal, learning that I was still there in the neighbourhood, carried me off by force and taking him down hanged me in the self-same place without either judge or sentence. Three days I hung suspended thus and there was no one to give me burial. But when human aid failed the divine assistance was not wanting. One of God's good angels was sent to console me. He standing on the gibbet took me by the waist and held me up, inspiring courage and strength and intoxicating me with a delicious fragrance. Then on the third day in the evening I heard a choir of singers, chanting with sweet voices a most touching harmony. Seeing me astonished and thrilled, the angel asked if I heard anything. I answered that I heard voices but that I understood not whence they came nor what they portended. Then he returned: I will tell thee what it is. Agnes, thy sister, has just now died and the rejoicing angels are bearing her soul to heaven. After three

years they will come to fetch thee likewise and escort thee thither to join her.

Up to this point there has been nothing in the narrative which can be regarded as making any great tax upon our credulity. But the three days' hanging of Joseph, angel supported, in mid-air, is an incident which even the most robust faith might find it difficult to accept without questioning. It is somewhat of a relief to find that in the other versions of the story, of which a word will be said later, nothing is told us of the duration of the martyrdom thus inflicted by the vengeance of the robber's kinsfolk. That such a public defiance of law and order should pass unheeded for three days outrages all the probabilities. It is quite possible, without any miracle, that a maiden of slight build, hanged hastily and tumultuously by an unskilful rabble, might be restored to consciousness if cut down afterwards within a reasonable interval, and in any case we have to remember that Engelhard, the writer, confessedly had his account from a monk who had been living at Schönau, and that this monk again could only have acquired his knowledge of Joseph's story from the Father Prior, to whom it was confidentially communicated. Misunderstandings and exaggerations might therefore easily occur in transmission. At the same time the circumstantial details which now follow relating to the behaviour of the children certainly cause a difficulty. It is not easy to suppose that any intermediary in good faith could have invented these pictorial touches, if the original narrator had been entirely silent on the point:

Meanwhile the children were pasturing their flocks just in front of the gallows and they said of me as they chattered one to another: "Have we ever run about the gallows so fearlessly and joyously as we are doing now? We used to be afraid to pasture our sheep here even when no one was hanging from the gibbet; but with that boy there it seems as safe and natural to keep him company as if he were living and running about with us. Come along," they continued, "let us take him down, that his poor little body may no longer suffer outrage." So these young shepherds spoke among themselves and came with haste and cut the cord. I fell, but not so heavily as to suffer hurt, for the angel's hands supported me. The lads who had been bold before now ran away in a great fright, and the angel said: "Come, see, you are released; go whither you will." I told him that I was bound for Verona and knew nothing about the road. "There," he said, "is Verona," pointing to a town hardly a

league away. I was hanged in the territory of Augsburg in Germany, and when I was cut down from the gallows, Verona was hard by and easily within my reach. I entered the city, did my office and then returned home to my own country. Thus was I eventually led hither to return thanks to God for keeping me pure and unspotted from the world. But now He wishes to put an end to my labours because the three years space has all but expired, and the anniversary of the day is at hand when the promise was made me that I should yield up the ghost and be carried to heaven by an escort of angels. That was the reason why when at my first coming I fell sick so that even my life was despaired of, I always refused to be annointed, knowing that my time would not come until Easter.

The news, as Engelhard goes on to tell us, quickly spread through the monastery that Brother Joseph had prophesied his approaching death, and there was keen speculation among them as to whether the prophecy would be fulfilled. But all fell out as he had foretold, not without much lamentation, for the rest of the brethren hoped wonderful things of him. They were right, but the marvel was one that was in existence already, not something which he was to perform afterwards. Joseph died as he had predicted, receiving all the rites of the Church and himself received by Christ in the odour of sweetness, the angels of peace conducting his soul on high. On the Wednesday of Easter week, as the community rose from supper, Joseph was called to the supper of the Lamb, and his brethren were summoned from table at once to set about his obsequies. Before the Office for the Dead was completed, the great discovery had been made, and the more scholarly members of the community learned with bewilderment the news so strangely revealed by the change in the gender of the prayers. (*Stupent literati omnes audientes feminam commendari.*)

That the outward and more verifiable details of this narration are true can hardly be doubted. Whatever we may be disposed to think of the adventures of Joseph before he came to the monastery, there can be no difference of opinion about the fact that he was received at Schönau as a novice and that it was his fellow-monks who, despite the danger of scandal, revealed the surprising discovery made after his death. Abbot Engelhard, the writer of the account just paraphrased, seems to have been a man of conspicuous piety. We possess a letter of his to the Abbot of Ebrach as well as a Life which he wrote of St. Matilda, Abbess of Diessen. Engelhard real-

ized, to quote his own words, "that the story (of Hildegund) would not please all alike and that some incidents in it would be disbelieved." But he declares, with a certain simple earnestness, that he had invented nothing, remarking also that he was dealing with events near at hand, both as regards locality and date.

Further, the testimony of this first biographer is far from being uncorroborated. Schwarzer is inclined to criticize severely the somewhat later and much longer document printed by the Bollandists. He maintains that it is nothing but a verbose expansion of Engelhard's account, the changes made being for the most part of a nature to betray the hand of an ignorant compiler who was not really a contemporary. But this censure seems to me to go too far. I even doubt if the author of the second narrative had seen the first, though he most probably had used some such analogous version of the story as that printed in the *Analecta Bollandiana*¹ in the Catalogue of Brussels MSS. Certain it is that the long biography must have been written in the early part of the thirteenth century, for we find it already quoted in the Life of B. Eberhard of Stalecka, a holy monk, who seems to have been closely associated with the author. It is from this, the long biography, that we learn the novice's name of Hildegund, together with a good many other details which sometimes contradict those of the first account. It would occupy too much space to attempt any critical discussion of the relations between the two. I will only say that to suppose the writer guilty of fraud when he claims to have been Hildegund's fellow-novice seems violent and unwarranted by the evidence.

Passing over a metrical setting of the same fact and a prose version which probably served as its groundwork,² we come to the very important testimony of Cæsarius of Heisterbach. This well-known Cistercian chronicler, who, when he wrote his *Dialogus*, about the year 1221, devoted an unusually long chapter to the story of Hildegund, appeals for certain facts to the testimony of Brother Hermann, formerly a fellow-novice of the mysterious Joseph. From Cæsarius' widely popular work we learn several new facts, *e.g.*, that Hildegund was born at Nüss, near Cologne, and, what is especially

¹ *Analecta Bollandiana*, vol. vi.

² The metrical version of the Life of St. Hildegund was edited by Wattenbach in the *Neues Archiv*, vol. vi. pp. 533-536. The other prose text was published in the Hagiographical Catalogue of Brussels MSS. (ii. 92-95), incorporated in vol. vi. of the *Analecta Bollandiana*.

valuable, we have Brother Hermann's personal impressions of the novice during the time she lived among them:

Although [writes Cæsarius] she was a damsel of very serious character, still in her fear lest her sex should be detected she sometimes showed signs of levity to her fellow novices, in order to test their opinion of her. Thus in the absence of the Master, she would lead the monk Hermann, from whom I heard it and who was then a boy of fourteen, in front of her beaker (*ad scyphum suum*) saying "let us look in this glass¹ to see which of us is the better favoured," and when he had studied the two countenances thus reflected, she would say again "Hermann, what do you think of my face?" He answered: "It seems to me that your chin is like a woman's chin." And then she ran away as though she were offended. Afterwards both of them would have to take the discipline for breaking silence.

Again, it is from Cæsarius we learn that when the so-called "Joseph" first came to Schönaue, the Abbot had to visit a neighbouring town, and meeting the new novice, bade him very charitably ride back on his horse behind him. As they jogged along together the Abbot was struck by the high-pitched feminine tones of his companion, so that he remarked: "Why, Brother Joseph, your voice has not broken yet." To which the novice answered: "My Lord, it never will break."

Other corroborative details might be quoted to establish the truth of this strange feminine invasion of the monastic enclosure. But I cannot believe that further evidence is needed. The early date of the different accounts we possess of Hildegund's noviciate seems to me alone to constitute a proof which is historically almost irresistible. When, however, we turn to the psychological aspects of the question, we find ourselves confronted by a much more serious problem. That Hildegund was divinely guided in the course she followed or that she was in any proper sense a saint, seems to me to be a conclusion supported by no serious argument. The only signs of saintship which can be detected in her, even if we accept unreservedly the obviously biased account preserved in the longer Life, are the angelic ministrations (for which we have absolutely no evidence but the novice's own narrative) in the robber incident, and the prophecy of her own death, a prophecy made when she was already almost

¹ It does not seem certain whether the reading should be *vitru* (glass) or *vino* (wine). It is possible that they could see themselves reflected in the still surface of the ruby-coloured fluid.

in extremis. She was ailing during the greater part of the time of her stay in the monastery, and the trouble seems to have appeared even to her unobservant companions to have been partly mental in its nature, just in fact what we should expect to find in the case of a possibly hysterical subject, whose mental balance was not entirely assured. Further, we cannot be blind to the fact that the community of Schönau, finding themselves in the presence of a rather compromising incident, which might cause scandal, had a distinct interest in giving another complexion to the whole episode, representing their monastery as divinely chosen to afford an asylum to a much suffering and innocent soul whom God especially loved. Lastly, there is the possibility that the story is really to be explained as one of those anomalous physiological mysteries of which the career of the Chevalier d'Eon affords the best known historical example. But whatever be the explanation, the probability remains that this curious incident, widely bruited abroad, as we know it to have been, had not a little to do with the general acceptance in the same century of the extravagant fable of the female Pope.

HERBERT THURSTON.

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH

YOU bring your gold to the manger
 Too late, ye men of worth!
 For there was never danger
 That God should suffer dearth:
 The golden straw is spread for His bed—a gift of the
 innocent earth.

You swing your incense praises
 Too late, ye lords of song!
 And all your burning phrases
 Can do the Word but wrong:
 Not one that breaks the sleep He takes on Mary's arm
 along.

But if our myrrh is able
 His burial to begin,
 There is room for us in the stable
 (Though none for Him at the inn)
 To lay at His feet a winding-sheet bitter-sweet with our
 tears for sin.

GEOFFREY BLISS, S.J.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF OLD CÉCILE

IT was M. le Curé who, without intending it, started the idea.

When one lives alone, one gets rusty. And Old Cécile had lived alone for nearly thirty years. When her boy Michel took a wife whose mother was bedridden, the young couple had no choice but to make their home with Mère Roux, on the other side of the mountain. Michel didn't forget his own mother. A grandchild would be spared to her for a week, once in a way. Still, she lived alone. And when one lives alone, one gets rusty.

M. le Curé saw the rust spreading, and it made him sorry.

That was a big-hearted young Cécile who took the blow of her husband's sudden death, and squared her shoulders to the task of holding the house up till her baby should grow to be a man. And it was a big-hearted woman still who bade the grown man "Godspeed" when marriage took him out of her daily life. But after that, year followed year in monotonous isolation, the large small family over the mountain growing larger and no richer, and Cécile toiling and saving and giving, and giving again. And when circumstances changed once more, the habit they had formed did not change. The large family was full-grown and earning its own keep. But Cécile, still toiling, was saving, now, for saving's sake.

So things went on till one Sunday morning, when, at the first word of the *Asperges*, Cécile gave a big jump, and her prayer-book fell on the floor, and Madame Cartau picked it up and gave it back to her.

Madame Cartau kept the inn at Busy-le-Mont, and was a friendly person with a word for any neighbour. But Old Cécile, living down in the valley, under the crust of a growing silence, had daunted Madame Cartau's heart for talk.

The jump, and the dropped prayer-book, gave Madame an opening.

"So you did not know of M. le Curé's absence till you heard the stranger's voice?"

Thus Madame Cartau, picking her way down the steep, stone-paved path. "I suppose this," she added, "by the big jump you made."

"He has a big voice, that one," said Cécile. "Reason enough for a big jump."

Then she allowed her real interest to speak. "Is he ill, M. le Curé?" she asked.

"Ill!"

Madame Cartau had found someone, then, who didn't know the news.

"Ill! No, indeed. But think only——" She paused.

"If M. le Curé is well . . . and does not say his Mass," replied Cécile, "I cannot think.—It appears to me impossible, what you are saying."

"Not at all. On the contrary, it is simple." Madame Cartau smiled. "He makes a little journey. That is all."

She was still smiling and nodding her head.

Cécile was not to be taken in by this air of mystery—of intimate acquaintance with M. le Curé's affairs.

"A little journey to visit his brother, at Busy-les-Forêts," she replied, calmly. "Without doubt. It is the second time. Seventeen years ago he made this same voyage. He was absent, equally, for one Sunday. You, madame, could not remember this. Your so charming little establishment was not then constructed."

For as to Madame Cartau being in the confidence of her parish priest, everyone in Busy knew that she belonged to the place only by her marriage. And that a recent one—no more than fifteen years back.

"The journey to Busy-les-Forêts," Cécile continued, "will do M. le Curé no harm. It is a bare twenty-five kilos, as those who know this country, madame, could have explained to you."

"Without doubt," assented Madame Cartau. She had waited for her great *coup*. "M. le Curé, however," she said, "is not now gone to Busy-les-Forêts. He is gone to Rome."

She said it with a wonderful nonchalance.

Old Cécile stood stock-still. Madame Cartau, too, stopped. Her stroke had told.

"Have you observed, madame," Cécile asked with cheerfulness, "these small green frogs? They abound this year." She stooped and touched with one finger the interesting little creature, who was surprised by the attention, and made off with a hop and a sprawl.

Madame Cartau, slightly flushed, had not observed the frogs.

"I ask myself the reason of them," remarked Cécile. "These things interest me.—Not, however," she added, with politeness, "so much as the conversation of madame.—It is to Rome that M. le Curé is gone?"

But Madame Cartau knew when she was beaten. She saw a friend some fifty yards ahead of them, and, excusing herself, hurried on to overtake her.

Old Cécile was left alone with her small green frog. And, as she stood, two slow tears rose, and dropped down the brown furrows of her cheeks. She had been, oh! how uncharitable—to that poor Madame Cartau. And after Mass! Poor good Madame Cartau, who only asked to tell the great news, as was natural. She herself was the unnatural one—was becoming a savage beast, as it appeared. She made an act of contrition, still standing looking at the still-bewildered frog, who was not to blame in the matter, after all. To the act, she joined a little prayer that even yet—after such badness—even yet she might hear about this wonderful journey to Rome.

II.

Another Sunday came, with again the big new voice at Mass. Then for two whole days, grey rain filled the valley, surrounded her small house, drenched out all sight of hill or sky. It was ceaseless, phenomenal. It was probably, she told herself, the thing those small green frogs foreboded. It made a drowned rat of one between one's door and one's woodshed.

Wednesday afternoon, and still no lifting.

She put a big block of wood into the stove: grudgingly, but one must dry one's *jupe*. A big block is an extravagance. *Soit!* So is rheumatic fever.—She was not yet quite money-mad.

She slammed the stove-door. Next moment a different sound stood out from the unchanging swish of the rain. It was—could it be?—it was—the splosh, splosh, of a slow approaching footstep. A footstep! Incredible! A footstep on the third of three such days. Old Cécile was at the door before the first thump. She opened, and behold!—M. le Curé.

Not the strange one, young and tall, with the big voice. The old one whom she knew, with the little voice that she knew, with nothing big about him but his umbrella, and the flood that was falling off its edge.

He came in, and in twenty seconds the stove-door was open again, and he sitting, steaming, before its crackling blaze.

And, first, there was the parcel from under his arm. Here were picture post-cards, views of Rome, bright-coloured, beautiful. And with them histories of the holy places visited. Then a medal of St. Cecilia, her patron, brought especially for herself. And then—

M. le Curé had seen the Holy Father, had heard him, had spoken to him.

"With these eyes, yes—with these ears—this mouth—*moi qui vous parle*."

"And—and what is he like, *mon père*?"

The old priest paused in thought.

"Like a father," he said at last. "Each child who comes to him he regards with a profound inquiry, that pierces. . . . and that prays. 'This soul, too,' he seems to say; 'It also asks. And what, O my God?' Then he blesses: with a blessing which, since it is the blessing of Jesus Christ, bestows."

"Like a father," repeated Old Cécile.

"But the father of *all* Christians," said the Curé. "One, that is to say, in whose family are many sad. And many sinners."

He was silent, remembering the majesty and the simpleness of that Figure. Its solitude with its own unique cross—its society in the crosses of each one of God's family. He could not find words in which to explain to Old Cécile what he had seen. He gave her a deed instead.

"The Holy Father has sent his blessing to you, my child," he said.

"To me!" cried Old Cécile.

She was amazed. But it was true, and, kneeling, she received it.

Then the old priest sat down again by the fire, and told her what kind chain of events had brought him to a private audience at the Vatican. And how the Holy Father had questioned him about his flock and had grieved for one who lived in much loneliness.

"I wish only," M. le Curé ended, getting to his feet and reaching out for the wet umbrella—"I wish that you had heard his voice—the gentleness of his exclamation when I spoke of the matter."

"I shall hear his voice," Old Cécile replied, quite calmly.

"Eh? What?" M. le Curé was pulled up short.

The old woman spoke again, this time with difficulty, confusion even.

"M. le Curé," she said, "I possess, I avow it to you, a certain sum of money put by."

It was impossible to the old priest to look surprised.

"The larger part of this I must keep. I *must* keep it, indeed"—the old voice shook piteously—"for Michel."

"You are perfectly right in doing so," said the Curé.

"But, even so, my alms have been—I avow it—they have been below the level of my means. I have told myself that I would give to God at my death.—It would be easier at that moment, I thought."

"We are like that to Him, *nous autres*," said the priest.

"But now, since the good God has been at the trouble of sending me a message—and since"—she gulped, but went on again—"since I have the means——"

The Curé could not guess what was coming.

"It appears to me," Cécile concluded, "that I ought myself to go to Rome, and to thank the Holy Father."

The Curé positively jumped.

"But this is not an idea!" he cried. "It is an inspiration! My child, you will do a pleasure to God Himself. You will console the Sacred Heart!"

"I!" thought Cécile.

"You will rejoice the Holy Father, whose joys are few. And you will bring home with you blessings—how many!—to your good neighbours in this place."

"I!"

The old woman was trembling. Because she knew it was the truth. And that thus instantly Almighty God was thanking her for her belated thanks.

III.

That week of deluge was the break-up of St. Martin's Summer. But the winter that set in seemed shorter than others.

There were so many plans to make, so many commissions for Rome to receive from neighbours—who dropped in almost daily when they knew what was afoot.

And there was the extraordinarily quick coming of spring—in that year that was to be like no other year. The sunshine came so early and so radiant, the rains so soft and timely, the brown earth showed herself so willing and responsive, that sick folk grew well, and poor folk well-to-do and hopeful.

with work plentiful, food already easy come by, and with a bounteous harvest clearly on the way.

Three times during the long stretch of perfect weather, which warmed February into a sort of sunny April, and kept mid-June as fresh as May—three separate times Cécile was to start on her journey, and each time some small thing intervened.

"This summer, however, definitely, I go," she announced.

She announced it to M. le Curé, on the eighteenth of July. He would look in on his rounds now and then, to add some detail to her programme.

"You must not go before September," he advised. "The heat in Rome is very great. How the sun beats down upon that long smooth white road that leads from the Porta Pia to the church of Saint Agnes! Ah!"

"And on that bad old rough one, M. le Curé, which gave you such a jolting, going out to the Three Fountains, *n'est-ce-pas?*" The old woman was getting to know Rome through his talk.

"And above all on the Piazza of St. Peter," said he.

"With the 'Little Cardinals' trooping up the steps in their scarlet soutanes. Yes." She folded her hands, contemplating the coloured post-card that had adorned her wall ever since the great project had begun.—"Yet the fountains in that Place," she observed, "must give great freshness to the air."

"It shall be for September, then," she conceded.

IV.

But it was sooner than September.

For, on Saturday, the first day of August, a word flashed through France to its farthest corner and brought every valid man to his feet.

It brought Michel and his two sons over the mountain, in the early dawn of Sunday, with their hardest farewells already made. Those were down at the farm, at the forge, and in the small village shop, which the wives and young boys must keep going as best they could. The grandmother, however, must not be left without good-bye. Also, Michel found in himself a liking to make his confession this once again to the old priest who had given him four of the Sacraments in their turn.

On their way to the five o'clock Mass, the three men stopped

at Old Cécile's door, to bid her expect them back for breakfast. It opened as they reached it.

"Come in, come in, *mes enfants!*" the old woman cried, gaily. "I was looking for this visit."

"You have heard the news, I see," said Michel.

Did he see it in the brightness of the old eyes, or in the gallant briskness of the old voice?

"Certainly I have heard the news. That poor Madame Cartau!—And the fire, you see, is lit, and burning well. And —" she hesitated. "The coffee? . . ."

Michel, short and thick-set, looked at his two slim sons, and they at him. He shook his head.

"Not yet, *ma mère*," he answered. "After Mass."

Old Cécile nodded. Her eyes shone brighter still.

"You are going to take the good God with you," she said. "Come then, children, we will make haste."

It was no great Feast, that Sunday. The high altar had only its two candles ready for the Low Mass, and Our Lady's image had neither mantle of state, nor vases of fresh flowers—just the paper ones, a little dusty, and more than a little the worse for wear. But the August sunshine poured through the plainly-glazed windows of the poor building upon a crowd such as no Feast of recent years had seen. In the body of the church, thickest before the altar, it was women, old and young. The left aisle was packed with men, kneeling, row by row, on the stones, waiting their turn for the confessional.

Since yesterday's mobilization order the old priest had spent every free minute before the altar, adoring the Fountain of Grace, there present, and entreating of Him the grace of contrition for His children, going away to fight and die. Night fell and left the old man there in solitude, but morning had not dawned when the sound of footsteps broke in upon his prayer. The earliest of these slouched and hesitated on the stones outside, and stopped short in the doorway. The man was notorious—a scoffer—he had not been to his duties since his First Communion. All he thought of now was to take a good-bye look at this old place, among other places, before anyone was about.

He looked, and saw the altar, with its light, and lying on the pavement before it, something black.

What?—It moved. It stood on its feet. It showed the figure—darkness hid the face—but the meagre, frail figure of his friend of old days, more recently his butt.

"Antoine Richet? *C'est bien*, Antoine?"

The voice was so weak and small, it was marvellous that it could carry so much courtesy, such a welcome.

"*Comment!* You know me in the dark?" stammered the man.

"Since we are old friends," said the priest. "But I must not make you wait with talk. *Hein?* You have affairs on hand, you others. And you are come, I know, to give France a clean soldier."

Antoine Richet, close to his God, and to the spot where (once only) he had received Him, found in his heart a sudden horror of the thing he had made of himself.

"I—I hardly know," he stammered.

"Take time," said the priest. "I can wait." And he went back to his prayer.

That confession was completed before daylight came, but Richet did not steal away in the dark.

When the priest offered to give him Holy Communion, now, alone, he answered: "At Mass, if you please, M. le Curé." He had the smile of an honest child.

"I ask myself, however," he said, "how you contrived to know me in the dark."

M. le Curé could not, in politeness, explain that he had been entreating the Divine Heart, in particular, for the blackest of his sheep, and had heard the answer in that furtive step.

And so the crowd went on growing, the Patient One welcoming all.

Michel and his boys eat and drank solidly when they came down from Mass. They had a walk of twelve kilos before them, to Le Floe, the place of entrainment. There were fine doings at Le Floe: flower-decked trains, singing troops, and shouting crowds. Some of the young boys, who tramped so far with the soldiers, brought back the story of it to the women and the old men. They told it sleepily, their voices dropping to silence. It was evening by that time, and oh! so still in the streets and in the houses of the emptied town. That was the 2nd of August.

V.

On the 9th, Cécile presented herself at the Presbytery.

"You will make your pilgrimage *now?*" M. le Curé was asking in amazement, three minutes later. It took him three minutes to persuade the old woman to sit down.

"To-morrow, M. le Curé. I come therefore to ask for the letter, if you please."

The letter was a recommendation to the French College at Rome.

"But at such a moment! The difficulties of travel are now immense, my poor child. Insurmountable, even."

"Monsieur le Curé, I have made arrangements. That poor M. le Marquis, who had accomplished at last his great sale of timber in Switzerland! Madame was in despair how to make delivery of it, the railways being blocked with *nos braves*. But she has found a great proprietor of *ces machines-là* whose objects have not yet been requisitioned. He transports the timber into Switzerland for her, on condition that he starts to-morrow at four in the morning. And Madame la Marquise promises me a seat upon one of the machines. Behold! —"

"On a timber lorry," said the Curé.

"For seventy kilos only"—persuasively—"after that, the Swiss railways, then the Italian—with a good wagon of the Fourth Class—and all the comforts that monsieur has had the goodness to indicate in my plan of travel."

"And your return? How do you propose to make your return?"

"M'sieu, I do not know."

The answer came calmly. The priest looked at his old parishioner, sitting on a chair against the wall, in her Sunday clothes, with her firm hands clasped on the top of a deeply purple sunshade. It was the gift of a grand-daughter, looked upon as *pas pratique*, and till now barely tolerated, but well suited to an occasion of the present importance.

He took off his spectacles and laid them on the table before he spoke.

"*Allons*," he said. "Such a project, at such a moment, has very much the air of a folly. I think, however, that you have some motive which you have not stated."

"Monsieur is perfectly right."

"And which you do not wish to state?"

"But, on the contrary."

The motive, by degrees, got itself partly stated, partly guessed.

Since the day on which Cécile had received the Holy Father's blessing, certain prayers for the Pope's intention, which she had said from childhood, had been said with a new

comprehension. She had begun, as she prayed, to look out over the whole world—the parish of Christ's Vicar: and if she thought of the world in the terms of her own village, she thought of facts. In the village there were workers, sufferers and sinners: idlers, too, and sheer perversities, like Antoine Richet, *ce malheureux*. Quite enough load, she saw, for one pair of shoulders, was Busy-le-Mont upon M. le Curé's. And the Holy Father had them all: all the parishes of all the world—those that remembered and obeyed, those that forgot, and those that denied. She began to perceive the large place in which her feet were set, and her prayer grew far-seeing, like the prayer of an enclosed nun. Praying so, through the winter and spring, for the Divine interests, in every kindred and nation and tongue, suddenly there fell upon her, day after day, the news that all these nations were breaking into war: Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Belgium and England—every day a new one.

"It is too great, the sorrow." So she ended her broken, yet clear words. "All his children like that! It appears to me that the Holy Father will die."

The Curé caught his breath. He looked at her again.

"You are going then, because——"

"Because so many, now, must go from him. From the seminaries, even, they tell me."

"From the parishes, too, here in France," said the Curé. "That tall young priest who took my place last summer is gone to fight. You remember him?"

"With the big voice," said Cécile. "Yes. But—that they should fight!—Priests!"

"The Sacraments will in this way be very near to the dying," the old man said. "I do not say that was the intention of *ces messieurs* who exacted it. But God remains the Master."

She assented. One private wish lingered.

"The 'Little Cardinals'," she said, "will they too be gone from Rome?"

The priest shook his head, smiling. "I do not think you will see many scarlet robes."

"On the steps of St. Peter's," she whispered. She had looked at that post-card so often! Then she said with decision,

"*Tant mieux!* At such a time as this, it is not a pleasure trip that one makes."

She stood up.

"The letter, M. le Curé, if you please."

VI.

August the fifteenth. A vast marble-floored chamber in a new, bright, white building on the Lungo Tevere Cenci, Rome.

A table set in the wide-open window to catch any cool breath that may drift across the Tiber. A short, firm-set Frenchwoman, all black (save for a purple sunshade), sitting at her morning coffee.

To this lodging of French Sisters of Charity her parish priest had commended Old Cécile, and from it two of the Sisters had wended their way to the Terminus last night, to meet a train that might bring in the wanderer.

Perhaps. For journeys had become incalculable things, and the timber-lorry, that brought Old Cécile from the Jura over the Swiss Frontier, was the easiest of her experiences. From Lausanne onwards she was in the clutch of one continuous, shifting, changing throng—that pushed always, and shouted languages of which she understood—*Dieu merci!*—not one word.

Bundle in hand, she was pushed or carried through all. Through the all-night-standing waits upon packed platforms—through the rushes that stormed the incoming trains—through the slow, dust-choking, thirsty, foodless days that followed—thrust sometimes into her proper Fourth Class wagon, sometimes, helplessly, into other people's First. Or upright in a corridor, or crouched, exhausted, on its floor. Through it all, she was on her way to Rome, and when past thinking, or consciously praying, she grasped the crucifix in her pocket at the end of her beads.

She lost count of time—nor would time help those travellers to locate themselves—for trains had lost relations with time-tables.

But one afternoon, when her dizzy eyes—that had looked out, these past days, on huge mountains of snow and ice, on lonely valleys and, later, on waters radiantly blue, in bowers of green, that entreated her, "Look! Look at us!"—but she could not look—she hated to look—too tired—one afternoon her eyes stared stupidly at a queer-coloured, opaque streak of water, quite near to the clanking train.

"The Yellow Tiber! My! If that isn't the real genuine Macaulay article!" A high-pitched voice cried it over her head.

And her head nodded at last to a deep sleep.

The Sisters found her like that, asleep on her bundle, in a corner of the corridor. In Rome, and not knowing it.

They took her home, in one of the little, wicked, willing taxi-carriages, and plied her with small, well-devised, reviving meals from five till near midnight, when she fell into another profound sleep.

About five in the morning she woke up.

What was this? Not her low-pitched garret-roof! Not the lower, closer, stifling roof of the nightmare train! Great spaces. A far-away ceiling. Right up in the air. With a picture painted upon it. A floor of stone, black and white, smooth like porcelain—a wonderful warm soft golden light stealing in through chinked shutters she had never seen the like of!

And bells!

Bells ringing the quarter, then repeating the hour after the quarter—more bells—one after another, and together—more bells than one knew the world held—a place full of bells!—She sat up in bed.—Of bells?—Of churches, then!—

Rome!

A beaming old Sister came in, bent on persuading her to whatever she liked best. Was it more sleep? Was it early Mass?

It was Mass. One can sleep at Busy. The Sister took her downstairs, and out, and along the Tiber's bank a little way.

"What is that?" she asked. It was a round building, very singular—nothing but pillars, and a roof.

"The temple of Vesta," said Sœur Ste. Claude. "A building of the pagans."

"And this?" asked Cécile. They were passing a pile as glaringly white as the block of flats they came from.

"A synagogue of the Jews," said the Sister.

"And this?" They had stopped at a shabby house-door at the street corner. And on the wall beside the door was roughly painted a picture of Jesus Christ crucified, with words in strange letters and languages, of which Cécile could make nothing.

"What is written there?" she asked again.

"The writing is: 'All day long have I spread my hands

to a people that believeth not and contradicteth me,'" said the old Sister.

She was of the Order of Nevers. As a novice she had stood by the bed of Bernadette Soubirous, and had heard her dying witness to that Good Mother who called men to Lourdes to pray for sinners. Later, France had cast her out, her and her Sisters, as unfit to breathe its air. In old age, Pius X. had set her here to combat atheism among the migratory poor of Rome.

"And this," she said, lifting a sort of padded quilt of leather—"this is the church."

It did not look like a church at all. It had a round dome over the middle of it, a stone floor, and no windows anywhere. It looked old and faded, so far as one could see it; it was dark, too, and the altars were exceedingly bare—no paper flowers. The floor space was bare, too, except for a few *prie-dieus* in this corner and that. While Cécile wondered, the Sister picked up two of these, and carried them before the high altar. Half-a-dozen other people did the same: a priest was coming in.

It was Mass. The same words (though naturally the Italian priest could not say them as well as M. le Curé), the same movements—the self-same Holy Sacrifice. And Cécile came out into the daylight, which made her blink, at home in Rome.

It is true that a Roman woman next her had wept with little restraint. But Cécile choked down even her dislike of sentiment. We are not all born French, and composed.

Now she sat drinking her coffee, and looking down at a bridge that led to an island, and turning over in her old mind something that the Sister had told her about that bridge.

It was there before St. Peter came to Rome. In that case, why, perhaps St. Peter had walked over it—walked over that same bridge on the two feet—at which Almighty God had knelt—which He had washed . . .

Her staggering faculties fled back, they fled home, they hid themselves in the greater, the familiar, the daily condescension:—in the Clean Oblation and the Bread of Angels.

VII.

"There will be, perhaps, difficulties."

So said the priest at the French College.

"But I will give you the letter, very willingly."

He added this in a hurry.—The old face in front of him had changed, suddenly, piteously, like a child's.

"You will take this letter to Monsignor D., who is *Major Domo* to His Holiness, and he will do all that is possible. Be assured of it."

"Monsieur thinks, however?—" faltered Cécile.

"There may be difficulties," repeated the priest, gently. "The Holy Father is not altogether in his usual health. We will pray, will we not?"

Cécile bent her head.

An hour later, the old peasant woman was walking up to the Bronze Door of the Vatican. She looked with unseeing eyes at the vast Piazza to her left, stretched baking in the great heat; and at the fountains and the steps; and at the church beyond, in which she had spent so much of the last two days. She went in at the Bronze Door and up the steps, as the Swiss guard directed her, and soon she was passing from room to room, under fresh directions. In each of these salons, she and those who had come at the same time, were invited to sit and wait a while. Then a farther door would open and her group would pass on into a farther room. Her methodical temper was noting with contentment the method of all this, and the ease. It was easier to pass all the Pope's attendants at the Vatican, than M. le Curé's one *bonne-à-tout-faire* at Busy.

Some part of her was noting these trifles, while the whole of her was differently employed. But the trifles dropped away when she reached the presence of Monsignor D. He was short and stout: he was in purple: afterwards she knew these things. For the time she was only aware of the grave, grieved tone of his voice when he said, looking at the letter she handed to him—

"There are difficulties."

"Monsieur!" said Cécile—no more.

Monsignor D. lifted his eyes from the letter and looked at her.

Three ladies, very splendid, had entered the room behind Cécile.

They had refused to pass first when she stood aside for them, but they were close to her now.

Monsignor D. looked from Cécile to them, and they drew back towards the door.

"My child," he said—and although he was an Italian, his

voice sounded just like M. le Curé's—"you have come a long way?"

"From the Jura, Monsieur," said Cécile.

"And you have made some sacrifices, I think, out of your wish to thank the Holy Father."

"*I*, Monsieur?—No!" said Cécile—truthfully, for she had forgotten them.

"Well, now, at least, I ask a sacrifice of you."

"*Lequel*, monsieur?" She spoke steadily, though her lip trembled.

"You have a face that I trust. You will not talk."

She was silent.

"Therefore I will tell you. My child, the Holy Father is very ill. Very ill."

"Yes," said Cécile, under her breath.

"You cannot see him. It is impossible. You will make this sacrifice for——" He paused.

"For his recovery," implored Cécile.

"If you will," said Monsignor D.—but he paused again.

"Or, if you will," he said, "you may make it for the Holy Father's own intention."

"And that is——?"

"Peace," said Monsignor D.

Old Cécile stayed out her week in Rome.

She did the commissions of her village, and she visited every place that M. le Curé had put down upon her list. She remembered these places, as she remembered the look of Monsignor D.—afterwards. At the time, her life was in her prayer. Every evening—after the day's round was done, and when the shadows began to get long—on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, she came back into the Piazza di San Pietro, and stood looking up at a window. Others were there, in groups or in crowds, bigger or smaller, speaking low, most of them. And this especially on Wednesday.

A lift-boy, from the Palace Hôtel, crossing the Piazza that evening, had the curiosity to join himself to the crowds. He was a young Frenchman, of seventeen or so, with a bad expression. He stood staring, his poor little foolish face on the verge of a grin.

Some one beside him caught in her breath once, and then whispered, "Oh! Saint Père, Saint Père!" and then was still.

He turned and saw an old woman's face, so wrung with

sorrow, yet so strong, that it frightened him. It reminded him of things which he had elected to forget, but which had the impertinence, it seemed, to exist still.

Later that evening, a Sister called Cécile from her supper. A messenger from the Vatican asked for her.

Ce monsieur gave a letter into her astonished, shaking hands.

Monsignor D. had spoken of her to the Holy Father, who had willed to write with his own hand the words that followed:

DOMINUS TECUM. ORA PRO ME.

On Thursday morning Cécile went back to the Piazza, although she knew that the Holy Father had died in the night.

She must go home again now. Her pilgrimage was over. It had failed. And she wanted to offer it, once more, under that window, for peace.

"Praying again!" said a sharp French voice at her ear. "What's the use? He's dead."

"I am praying for peace," said Cécile—and then asked herself why she had answered.

"Peace!" said the boy. "The fine idea! With the Germans on the road to Paris! Are you a German, perhaps?"

It was as if he wanted to stab this person, who had stabbed his heart to life last night.

"It is not very intelligent what you say there, *mon ami*," the old woman answered, tranquilly. "When it is of the good God that one asks peace, one does not wait to define to Him that one wishes the peace to be good."

The boy looked at her sulkily.

She laughed a little solid laugh which he tried not to like.

"As for the Germans and the road to Paris," she said, "I have a son and two grandsons who will have their say in that."

"Really, you amuse me, you and your grandsons," said the insolent boy. "*They* fight, I understand, and *you* pray for peace!"

"Precisely," said Cécile, "I pray, and you fight."

Old Cécile took the train for the journey home next day, but her recruit had started overnight.

M. E. M. YOUNG.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE FALSE DECRETALS AGAIN.

IN the *Church Times* for January 15th Mr. Athelstan Riley joins in a discussion that has been going on for some weeks in its columns, as to whether Anglicans have a "theory of the Church," that is to say, a theory as to its nature which they can agree in taking as a basis from which to argue. Of course this is exactly what they have not got, as an effective writer in the *Tablet* (of December 18th and 31st) has pointed out to them. That, however, is a subject which we can safely leave in the hands of the *Tablet* writer. But Mr. Riley intervenes in the letter referred to, in order to call attention to another theory of the Church which he himself has held for over forty years, finding it enables him to rest in perfect tranquillity of mind, amidst all the changes backwards and forwards of restless minds that have left or returned to the Anglican fold during that interval. This theory is that, as the Roman system has been built up on a foundation of forgeries, notably those of the False Decretals, it is not conceivable that its claim to be exclusively the Church of Christ can be sound, any more than it is conceivable that the Orthodox Eastern Church or the Anglican Church can be exclusively that Church. On the other hand, all three of these Churches exhibit in their life and faith unmistakable marks of Catholicity, whence the only reasonable conclusion is that they are all included in the communion of this Church, which has got somehow into an abnormal condition. This does not recommend itself as a likely theory, but it is due to Mr. Riley to acknowledge that it is the theory into which Anglicans, as a rule, practically settle down.

We wish, however, to say a word on Mr. Riley's underlying assumption, that the Roman claim, widely recognized as it is, rests on a foundation of forgery. Let us hear how he proves this:

To me the Roman Church is indeed attractive; broad pastures lie stretched in which her humble sheep feed in peace and quiet-

ness, and there her proselytes may gather, if they will but pass through one hedge, the acceptance of the Papal claims. That hedge would tear from me all self-respect; I believe these claims to be historically false. That spurious documents largely assisted in building up the Papal theory will hardly be denied by any. No Roman theologian now believes, for instance, in the Forged Decretals. But St. Thomas, and all the great theologians who built up the Roman system, had no suspicion of their falsity. Or take a later forgery. St. Thomas in his *Opusculum contra errores Graecorum* relied upon a catena of Greek Fathers forged by a Latin theologian about 1261, and provided by Pope Urban IV., let us hope innocently, for the purpose of helping him to maintain Papal claims. I believe there is not a single passage quoted by St. Thomas that is not spurious. One might go on to other instances—e.g. the *Corpus Juris Canonici*—and notice how true and false authorities are all jumbled together, but this is not a controversial essay. God is my witness I only wish to tranquillise Anglicans, not to upset Papists. Is it really likely that God who is truth itself would have permitted the central truth of His Church, “*the (ipsum) fundamental principle of Catholic Faith and doctrine*” (Pius IX), to have developed by such means? And this corruption at the fountain head seems to permeate the whole body.

So much so, to continue the last clause in this quotation, that “when one’s acquaintances go over to Rome one feels that with deplorably few exceptions they are no longer to be trusted.” An imputation like this cast upon a multitude of respectable people, many of whom have given up much that was dear to them in fidelity to their convictions, is calculated to arouse indignation in those assailed. Indeed it is in deference to some such expressions of indignation that we have been moved to write this short comment on Mr. Riley’s letter. But let them calm down their indignation. It is a way of speaking which does not do them justice, we grant, still it is a way of speaking with Anglicans of the Littledale school (to which we gather that Mr. Athelstan Riley belongs), when they cannot get Catholics to see that there is any cogency in the arguments with which they ply them.

We must, however, express a little surprise that this writer, who is so free with his charges against others, should not have seen the necessity of looking well to the evidence for the *ipsum fundamentum*, the fundamental principle of his own theory of the Church, as he expounds it to us. For from the paragraph we have transcribed it is manifest that its whole

structure depends on the truth of the statement that the Roman Church rests solely on a basis of forgery. Yet as this paragraph shows, his treatment of this point is more by way of assertion than of proof, and it is clear to us that he is not at all familiar with the character of the False Decretals, that he is not familiar with the character of St. Thomas's *Opusculum*, or with the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. Still less is he familiar with the character of the argument which, if he is to prove his point, has to be extracted from the contents of these documents. "That spurious documents largely contributed in building up the Papal theory will hardly be denied by any one," he says, with special reference to the False Decretals. But does he not know how to draw the essential distinction between attempting by the aid of these decretals to vindicate the divine origin of the Papal authority, and attempting to prove that certain points of legislation which the forger desired for the welfare of the Church, had really emanated from the Papal authority at some time in the past? That the False Decretals were spurious documents, and that their publication had the effect of building up, not a whole system, but some points of legislation, and by causing men to think that the Popes had sanctioned them, is a proposition generally recognized by Catholic as well as Protestant scholars; that these decretals had the effect of building up a system, the essential feature of which is that it recognized the divine origin of the Papal authority, and submitted to it as such, is a proposition recognized by no Catholic scholars, and only by such non-Catholic scholars as, like Mr. Riley, have not been at the pains to try and understand the subject. And this for a very good reason. For (1) the recognition of the Papal authority as of divine origin and of submission to it in consequence as of divine obligation, did not stand in need of support from Pseudo-Isidore, having become universal throughout the Church at a much earlier date, as can be demonstrated, for instance, from the letters of St. Gregory the Great; (2) the emphasis, in the letters embodied in Pseudo-Isidore, is always on the points of legislation which the compiler thought desirable, not on the validity of the Papal power; the latter, if referred to, as it often is in the letters, is referred to as a thing universally admitted. It is thus that Hinschius—whom, as he was a Protestant, Mr. Riley will perhaps not set down as untruthful—assigns the design of the Pseudo-Isidorian collection in his Preface to its text:

He wished to publish not only a collection of ecclesiastical sources . . . but also some decrees which he thought requisite to restore the ecclesiastical order which had been injured and almost destroyed by the civil wars under Louis the Pious and his sons. Thus then in the fictitious portion of his collection he desired to accomplish what the Synods of Paris in 829, of Aix in 836, of Meux and Paris in 845 and 846 had not been able to do . . . [This] he has corroborated with the highest authority which was in the Church, that of the Roman Pontiffs, and even of those who lived in the first ages of the Church.

We cannot go into the further questions of the *Opusculum* of St. Thomas, and of the *Decretum Gratiani*. But they are as little able to support Mr. Riley's contention as the Pseudo-Isidorian Collection; nor is there necessarily any question of forgery in either of them. Some unknown person, somewhere about 1260, made a Latin translation of a *catena* of passages from the Greek Fathers which he, or someone else about the same time, or possibly much earlier, had brought together. It was not such an easy task in those days to discriminate between authentic and corrupt texts of ancient writers, but this unknown writer fell into no substantial error, though *some* of the passages in his *catena* were spurious. It looks as if Urban IV. was collecting materials for the Reunion discussions which were to take place in the coming Second General Council of Lyons. He took the precaution of sending the *catena* to St. Thomas, and asking for his criticisms on it. But St. Thomas comments on it from the theological side. He takes on himself no responsibility for the accuracy of the quotations sent him. The *Decretum Gratiani* is a bulky collection of passages from Fathers and decrees of ancient Councils, which Gratian codified, but it never had more than literary authority. As materials, however, it was very valuable, though, as was to be expected, not all the pronouncements it embodied were authentic.

Such then is the feeble foundation on which Mr. Athelstan Riley has based a "theory of the Church" able to keep him in mental tranquillity, as regards the Anglican question, for over forty years, besides allowing him with a good conscience to denounce his Catholic friends as untrustworthy.

S. F. S.

THE ALLEGED WAR PROPHECY OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.

IN the last few numbers of the *Etudes* Father Yves de la Brière, with conspicuous sobriety both of statement and of inference, has been discussing certain "prophetic oracles" supposed to throw light upon the fate of the German Empire. His two concluding articles¹ are devoted to the prophecy attributed to the Blessed J. M. Vianney, and, as Father de la Brière quotes some new evidence and arrives at a conclusion distinctly less sceptical than that previously adopted in these pages,² a few words may be said on the question here.

It must be confessed that the new materials, when closely scrutinized, seem to us to add little to the account of the Lazarist lay-Brother, Frère Gaben, as we now know him to have been called, whose recollections of his two conversations with the Curé d'Ars in 1858 originally caused all the excitement. It may be remembered that the good Brother in 1871 declared that the Curé had predicted a war between France and Prussia, and according to the successive statements which were elicited from him as events progressed in 1870—1871, the French would fight half-heartedly, Paris would be partly burned, the Germans would be bought off by an indemnity, but would return again later, and this time the enemy would be allowed to advance, but their supplies would be cut off, and the French in the end would gain an overwhelming victory. It must count in any case as a weak point in Frère Gaben's story that no word was apparently heard of this prophecy until after the war of 1870 had broken out, and that even then the Brother's fellow-religious did not pay any attention to it or take it down in writing until after Paris had capitulated. The new evidence produced by Father de la Brière tends in some measure to remove this difficulty. The principal item among these fresh materials is a letter of the late Mgr. Perriot, written in 1908. In this the writer declares that a friend of his made a pilgrimage to Ars, about 1862 (the holy Curé had died in 1859), and subsequently wrote to him to communicate a prophecy of the Blessed Vianney, which he had heard of there on the spot. It was to the effect that there would be a war with the Germans in which the French would be defeated and lose two provinces, but there was also a second part to the prophecy foretell-

¹ *Etudes*, December 5th and December 20th.

² *THE MONTH*, October, 1914, pp. 349—351, and cf. *The War and the Prophets* (Burns and Oates) pp. 37—44.

ing that there would afterwards be a second war in which the German armies would be allowed to penetrate into France, but would, in the end, be cut off and defeated, with terrible slaughter. Unfortunately Mgr. Perriot had not kept the letter, and his testimony consequently depends upon his memory of a document he had read at least thirty-eight years before. Further, there is a somewhat suspicious resemblance between the terms he uses and the language of Frère Gaben, as if there had been some confusion in his mind between the information given by his pilgrim-correspondent and the data made public in the *Voix Prophétiques*. The one point which seems to be new is Mgr. Perriot's clear statement that the Curé predicted that France would lose two "provinces," a phrase which was stamped upon his mind by the fact that France at that time was no longer divided into provinces, but into departments.

The other noteworthy piece of evidence comes from Ars direct. A certain M. Bolland remembers having a number of conversations with a M. and Mme. de la Bâtie, who had been residents at Ars and on intimate terms with the saintly Curé. They both maintained that the Curé had said that there would be a war with Germany, and that after the French had been defeated, there would be a second invasion in which the enemy would be crushed and driven back beyond the Rhine. Unfortunately all this is very vague and secondhand, and supported by no documentary evidence.

On the other hand Father de la Brière's candid articles contain admissions which seem to us distinctly to outweigh the slight additional support which the prophecy might derive from these new materials. To begin with, Mgr. Convert, the present Curé of the parish of Ars, who has been overwhelmed with correspondence upon the subject and has taken a keen interest in investigating the supposed tradition, gives it as his deliberate judgment that the so-called local tradition about the prophecy had simply originated with Frère Gaben, who on the occasion of his two visits to Ars, had possibly talked to the neighbours whom he met of what the Curé had said to him. Hence Frère Gaben, in this view, still remains the sole ultimate authority for the whole story. And what sort of a man was Frère Gaben? His own religious brethren declare that he was a good, pious peasant, but a man of extreme simplicity. When they took down his statements and read him almost contradictory versions, he approved both, and,

when asked if this or that was correct, said in all humility, *Si vous voulez*. He certainly declared that the second invasion would last a shorter time than the first, and that Paris would be almost destroyed by fire before the tide of victory turned. This does not seem to agree very well with the facts as we know them. On the whole we are left with an irresistible impression that the instalments of Frère Gaben's disclosures were each elicited by a new development of the political situation, and that his replies were apt to be unconsciously moulded by the more or less leading questions which his fellow-religious had put to him.

H. T.

THE JESUITS AND THE CROWN OF PRUSSIA.

IT would be unreasonable, no doubt, to look for minute historical accuracy in the leading article of a daily newspaper, but in the brief account lately given in *The Times* of the acquisition of the kingly dignity by the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns the writer seems to go a little beyond that legitimate heightening of the lights and shadows which is required for picturesque effect.

The way [he says] in which poor Frederick I. achieved the Crown is well known. After seven years of vain efforts to obtain the assent of Kaiser Leopold, he applied to Father Wolf, a Jesuit who had much influence at the Imperial Court. Father Wolf supported the application, and the thing was done. Prince Eugene, it is worth remarking, thought that those who sanctioned it should have been hanged for their folly. He was a person of insight; that little Savoyard.

Now while it is not to be denied that two Jesuits, Charles Maurice Votta (it is so he writes his own name) and Father Ladislaus Wolff (by birth Freiherr von Lüdinghausen) were somewhat intimately mixed up with the negotiations by which Frederick obtained the consent of the Emperor Leopold to his assumption of the royal crown, still the part they played was a subordinate one, sanctioned if not actually thrust upon them by the Holy See, in the hope of producing friendlier relations between Prussia and the Catholic Powers, and of obtaining more favourable treatment for their fellow-Catholics in the Elector's dominions. The discussions between the two Courts

over the terms of the "Crown Treaty" (*Krontractat*) had been going on for some time, and as Sir A. W. Ward remarks in the *Cambridge Modern History*:

The negotiations had been interrupted by ministerial changes at the Imperial Court, and their resumption was due to general political reasons, not to the intervention of Father Wolff, the importance of which has been much exaggerated.¹

Of the two Jesuits mentioned, it is Father Votta who seems to have been the more active in facilitating the negotiations between Frederick and the Austrian Emperor. A small pension of three hundred Reichsthalern was promised him by the Prussians in recognition of his services. This pension he applied to the support of the Catholic community in Brandenburg, but it was not regularly paid, and in answer apparently to some remonstrance on his part we have a letter preserved from a high court official, written to Father Votta a few days before the coronation of Frederick and containing among other things the following passage:

I took occasion to speak of the arrears of your little pension, and His Electoral Highness as well as his Lordship the High Chamberlain assured me that not only should your pension in future be paid punctually, but that His Highness would have a medal expressly struck for yourself in recompense, or rather in remembrance, of the trouble you had taken in the matter of the kingly dignity with which His Electoral Highness will be invested next Saturday (Jan. 16th) by public proclamation, and on the 18th by the ceremony of coronation.²

In spite of this and some other similar informal acknowledgments, it seems certain that in all the official documents connected with the "Crown Treaty" which are still preserved in the Vienna Archives, no mention is anywhere made of the names of either Father Votta or Father Wolff. When, however, in 1901, the bicentenary was kept of Frederick's coronation, some Catholic writers believed that they could render a service to the German Jesuits, still under the ban of the May laws, by making much of the part played by Fathers Votta and Wolff in the negotiations with Leopold. The motive of these friends was praiseworthy, but the claim they made, as Father O. Pfülf, S.J., has shown, seems to be very slenderly borne out by the historical evidence available.

H. T.

¹ *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. v, p. 665.

² See O. Pfülf in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, July, 1901. Vol. 61, p. 88.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Conscription.

The "Menace of the Slacker" on which we commented some months ago has now unfortunately achieved what it portended. Compulsion for military service has made its appearance on the British Statute-book. The measure is a small, limited and temporary one, but the principle is there and the acceptance of the principle may have far-reaching and unexpected results in the life of this country. Happily, the numbers already enrolled voluntarily are so large that the credit which has justly accrued to the Empire through the splendid spontaneous devotion of its citizens has not been appreciably impaired. The seven weeks of the Derby campaign resulted in the attestation of $2\frac{1}{4}$ million men and the direct enlistment of over $\frac{1}{4}$ million. There is a residue of about 2,200,000 men married and unmarried, starred and unstarred. Out of these there are reckoned to be, after making all deductions for health, etc., about 300,000 bachelors free and fit, but not willing to serve. These are the slackers on whose account conscription has been introduced.

They are men who *ex hypothesi* can produce no reason for refusing to defend their country except inability to rise spontaneously to the height of unselfishness called for by the crisis. In spite of abundant warning that, if they did not come forward of their own accord they would be enrolled without their consent, they have done what in them lay to spoil the nation's record of devotedness to duty. Our consolation is that they are so comparatively few. It says much for the soundness of the national character that such vast numbers should so readily have turned from the unexacting occupations of peace to the heroic requirements of war. It may be that, during the interval before the Act is enforced, the bulk of the 300,000 will make a virtue of necessity, and enroll themselves as free men. Better surely to be an eleventh hour volunteer than the first of the conscripts.

**The Duty
of
Military Service.**

Opponents of the voluntary system contend that it has long since ceased to exist. Moral compulsion, they say, has been in operation from the first, and when the Derby campaign with its threat of eventual conscription was introduced, liberty of choice became really illusory. Against this it may be urged that over two million men have used their liberty not to attest, and of those who did enrol themselves no one can pretend to say how many were actuated by shame or fear and not by a sense of duty. What the State had in view by the campaign, and by the constant appeal by poster which preceded it, was primarily to arouse peaceful minds to a conviction of a national necessity, and thus

to bring home to the fit and unimpeded their obligation to help their country in its extremity. It is one thing not to realize a duty, another to refuse to fulfil it. Some citizens obviously needed more enlightenment than others. Never before in the history of this country had the emergency arisen which called for the services of every available fighting man. There are those who, in spite of Government assurances, do not believe that it has arisen yet. To such we can only say that our rulers have the best means of judging what the occasion demands, and they have decided that, for the winning of the war and the shortening of the process, our whole resources must be employed. No well-instructed Christian can doubt that the Government has a right to call upon men of military age, who can show no sound claim for exemption, to take up arms. If then such a right exists, there is a corresponding obligation in conscience to obey the call.

**The
"Conscientious
Objector."**

It is ignorance of the real duties of citizenship that prevents some of our fellow-subjects from recognizing that obligation. It is ignorance of the implications of Christianity that persuades others that they are obliged to disobey. Thus arises the problem of the "conscientious objector," a problem with which a Government, ruling over people with different religious ideals and no common standard of conduct, is constantly faced. What is to be said about it? First, it is a good thing in itself that the State should be prepared to recognize conscientious objections, for thus it shows that it does not hold itself supreme in the region of morals. By doing so, it owns that the creature's first duty is towards the Creator, and that no authority has the right to compel its subjects to sin. The history of religious persecution in this country indicates how slowly this principle of justice came to be acknowledged. The secular State, especially if anti-religious, is prone to resent the limitations to its power imposed by the allegiance to God of the individual conscience. But obviously, in asserting such limitations conscience must be really concerned, otherwise Government would be at the mercy of every crazy code of ethics that fanatical brains could evolve. God established His Church precisely for this end, that the individual conscience should have sure guidance in conduct as well as in belief. In an undivided Christendom there would be no room for a conscientious objector, except of course if the State overstepped due limits and pretended to be the arbiter of morals.

But now, as there is no commonly accepted authority in things ethical, the State even within its own proper sphere is apt to be challenged by the misguided consciences of its subjects, and has either to override them by force or to defer to them, to the detriment of good government. It is often a choice of two evils.

Failing the means of rectifying an erroneous conscience, the dictates of which are opposed to social well-being, it may be the duty of the State to disregard it. But force is an imperfect remedy, and its use may cause worse evils than those it would cure. That is the view which the Government appears to have taken in regard to those strange beings who cannot see that God, the Author of life and death, may on occasion make His creatures His delegates in slaying their fellows, and has in fact done so in the case of a State which is called upon to wage a just defensive war. The Government, if it really needed these men, would be within its rights in ignoring their objections, but, in view of the disturbance that would result and of the possibility of using them in the non-combatant military ranks, it wisely makes allowance for their scruples. The scruples are nevertheless unreasonable and unpatriotic.

**Ultra-Pacifism
against Reason.**

To object to military service on principle is to object to war on principle. To object to war on principle is to expose to destruction that independence which is an essential constituent of a Sovereign State. In this fallen world at its present stage of development, no country could be secure against violation of its essential rights, unless in its own sword, aided or not by alliances and guarantees, it had the means of defending itself. Consequently, any body of citizens which denies this obligation of citizenship is essentially an anti-national element, and if large enough would endanger the safety of the State. Happily there is no fear of that in this case. Only one or two small organized bodies, like the Society of Friends, hold that participation in war is intrinsically sinful, although, illogically enough, they do not hesitate to contribute to the support of the national forces. Their attitude is so demonstrably contrary to reason that it can only be described as fanatical, and there is no arguing with fanatics.

However, if conscientious objectors should prove to be very numerous, and if they should refuse, as their spokesman in Parliament has claimed for the Quakers, to perform under compulsion *any* duties connected with the war, then the State will have to consider whether such men are really entitled to full citizen rights. Why should they have full citizen rights if they refuse to perform full citizen duties?

The utter irrationality of their attitude—for the pacifist who declares the profession of arms immoral is glad enough of the protection of the policeman, another embodiment of the coercive force inherent in the State—clearly shows what secular society has lost by rejecting the moral guidance God has provided for it. Private judgment in ethics constantly tends to sever the bonds of social life.

**The Rights of
Conscience.**

It is just because conscience is such a sacred thing that its abuse is so much to be deprecated. Subjectively, conscience is the ultimate norm of morality; by it we shall be judged; we can never disobey it without sin. But we are under the same obligation to have it properly instructed and to free it from the influences of pride, passion and prejudice. Whilst right in following it, we may still be wrong in leaving it uneducated. Speaking of the prevalent abuse of this faculty Newman says in a celebrated passage:¹

When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him in thought and deed of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing and acting, according to their judgment or their humour, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any moral rule, but they demand, what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, to be his own master in all things and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way. Conscience has rights because it has duties; but in this age with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a Lawgiver and Judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. . . . Conscience is a stern monitor but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries previous to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it, if they had. It is the right of self-will.

We do not say that all opposition to the Military Service Act is dictated by mere self-will; many are sincerely though mistakenly convinced that killing in war is against God's law. That they do not carry that opinion to its logical conclusion is due to their general confusion of thought. Self-will comes in in the rejection of God's arrangement for the enlightenment of conscience.

**Organization
versus
Liberty.**

The present crisis has brought into prominence the advantages of the thoroughly-organized State, which can use all its resources without waste or confusion or useless dissipation of energy. That every citizen should have his own appointed sphere of State-service, so that none should escape a measure of the sacrifice called for by war, is at present a very attractive ideal. That no one should profit by the needs of his country, or be able to enrich himself at the expense of his countrymen, is a notion that now appeals to all. That slacking and sweating and profit-

¹ *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* (1875), p. 58.

ceering and all other forms of social fraud should be made illegal and punishable would satisfy everyone's sense of justice. Yet it is possible to pay too high a price for these advantages. The thoroughly-organized State is a Socialist ideal, and could be thoroughly realized only by the suppression of such natural rights as personal liberty and private property. The subordination of all interests to those of the State is a Prussian ideal which inevitably results in "Cæsarism." The State, in the Christian conception, exists for the individual: it is a God-provided means for his fuller and higher development, and although the citizen owes the State a certain measure of service he has other interests, human and divine, which lawfully claim his attention. Due devotion to those interests, viz., to his family and the direct service of God, will of course profit the State, but only indirectly. There are wide spheres of initiative and liberty with which the State has no concern.

Liberty is a higher good than law. If liberty were always rightly used, law would not be needed. Law assists the right use of liberty by pointing out the path of duty and providing an external impulse. But too much law weakens liberty, lessens initiative, damages character. Organization can be overdone, especially if given a predominantly military character. Let us beware of Prussianizing the State, even though the process were to lead to the lordship of the world.

Conscription of Wealth.

The introduction of conscription, limited and safeguarded though it was, was sure to raise the question of the confiscation of wealth. The argument runs: "Since the poor man gives all the riches he has, his bodily strength and skill, to his country's service, the least that can be exacted from the rich man for the same end is his superfluous wealth." This reasoning ignores the fact that the rich man is, theoretically at least, as much bound by the new conscription law as the poor. Duke's son or cook's son, both, being bachelors of military age and otherwise fit, must don khaki when the law comes into force. Were not this the case it would be difficult to meet the argument. If the State to serve its necessity can take a man's body, *a fortiori* it can take a man's goods. And the argument is not met by saying that the savings of the working classes, the funds of trade unions, etc., would also *ex hypothesi* be liable to conscription. It is the superfluous wealth of the individual that the Socialistic proposal aims at,—all that he does not really need for personal or family maintenance. The only logical reply is that the rich no less than the poor are exposing life and limb, and contributing besides out of their wealth, as the workers are by their labour, to provide the sinews of war.

It is regrettable that the distinction which the war has done so

much to obliterate between the different classes of the community should be needlessly and heedlessly emphasized by certain writers on both sides. What sense is there in speaking, as the *Saturday Review* does, of the democracy as if it were a section and not the whole of the State? If there are any aristocrats left, people who claim to rule on account of their superior station or birth, they are just as much a part of the democracy as the artizan or the shop-keeper. The terms may be borrowed from the Greek but their meaning should be made British.

Shall we
adopt
Prussian ideals?

The discussion on the "Baralong" case, the facts of which are not yet certainly known, betrays a tendency in some quarters to forget the Christian ideals of warfare which we have hitherto professed and maintained. The ethics of the question depend on whether the German sailors, who were surprised by the British auxiliary cruiser "Baralong" in the act of sinking the "Nicosian," and who are said to have sunk shortly before, and without warning, the s.s. "Arabic," had actually surrendered or not. Surrendered prisoners are considered by every school of moralists as *hors de combat*, and therefore not liable to be deliberately killed. As a matter of fact, in the heat of fighting, when men's passions are beyond control, they frequently are; such slaughter is only defensible as the act of human beings temporarily maddened by excitement: it is deplorable, even though intelligible. Various pleas may be advanced for the action of the "Baralong," but the plea that its commander was justified in summarily acting as judge and executioner in regard to men who were themselves simply obeying orders in what they did, resembles too closely the ethics of the Prussian to be sound.

Certain of our newspaper writers still seem to imagine that it is possible so to crush Germany that her future influence in the world will always be negligible. This also is Prussianism. Nations, as the Pope has reminded us, cannot be crushed. Although as we trust the Central Empires will ultimately sue for peace and be compelled to accept our conditions, these conditions must be such that a community of 120 million people (or 70 million, if we consider Germany alone) will not find them intolerable. Such a multitude cannot be boycotted even commercially, they cannot be ignored politically, they cannot be despised intellectually, they have to be lived with, and the task of the Allied Statesmen, or the Allied peoples, is to find some *modus vivendi* which will secure a permanent and stable peace. Nobody out of Bedlam wants a settlement which will be merely a truce and which will necessitate a continuance or increase of the colossal expenditure on armaments that oppressed Europe before the war. Yet some writers seem to imagine that by forming an "Anti-German League," or by capturing German trade, or by disusing

the German language we can perpetuate for all time the victory we hope to secure. *Non tali auxilio*. We shall never conquer Germany except by exorcising the spirit which animates her leaders. Just as Satan is not to be driven out by Satan, so overweening national ambition will not be cured by a display of the same vice in an opponent. We have to convert Germany as well as conquer her, to convert her to the Christian view of international relations, which we shall best do by consistently maintaining it ourselves. We have to win Germany to a recognition of our honesty and trustworthiness, or else the material victory will lose its best fruits.

**The Blockade
and
Neutrals.**

Questions of justice are deeply involved in the blockade question, and it ill beseems imperfectly informed writers to criticize the action or inaction of the Government without knowledge which the Government alone possesses. It is not so simple a matter as a contemporary supposes which writes that "so long as we prefer the interests of the neutral countries to our own and those of our Allies" we shall never end the war as we desire. This is a good specimen of the idle criticism to which the Government is constantly exposed. The writer cannot seriously think that the Government does prefer neutral interests to our own; why then does he say it does? And why do others equally foolishly urge the authorities to a "ruthless" use of our naval power, or "to give absolute freedom of action to the Fleet," in the effort to check imports of contraband into Germany. Neutrals after all have some rights and, though the circumstances of this war call for many unprecedented departures, still some regard should be had to established principles of international law, and to existing treaties and conventions. Regard, too, should be had to the possibility of alienating the sympathies or even exciting the hostility of neutrals by acts which cannot be morally justified. We are proud to claim that British supremacy at sea has not that tyrannical character which Germany gives it, but is exercised for international welfare as well as for our own. We trust that the Government will continue to exercise it, as *The Times* advises, "within the principles of justice and international law."

**Prussianism
in
Education.**

Amongst the dangers with which we are threatened in the future by those who admire and envy German thoroughness is the Prussianizing of education. The schools of Germany, as was shown by a writer in *Studies*¹ about a year ago, have been organized with a view to the production of that particular mentality which has made the present German Empire a menace to the freedom of its neighbours. The youthful Teuton is also care-

¹ "National Purpose in German Education," by Professor Corcoran, S.J., *Studies*, December, 1914. See *THE MONTH* for August, 1915, p. 198.

fully trained to excel in the ways of commerce. Thus in Germany, for the making of war and the making of money, no effort is spared and much else is sacrificed to equip the coming generation. It is this ideal that is held up for our emulation by those who confound education with the imparting of knowledge and think that character can take care of itself. An attack in the interests of "Science" is sure to be made on the old and tried notion of a "liberal education," the study of the "humanities" which experience shows to be unrivalled in developing what is best in man. However, whilst upholding their ideal, let the humanists take care to free it from all accretions of pedantry, not to make a mere fetish of classical lore but to recognize the genuine claims of natural science. The classics may be and should be taught scientifically. The laws of language are as fitting an object of science as the laws of dynamics, and why should physiology be reckoned more scientific than psychology as illustrated in great literature?

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Faith, The, necessary for Justification [J. Bainvel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Jan. 15, 1916, p. 449].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism: its discontinuity [J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., in *Month*, Feb. 1916, p. 134].

Loisy's attack on the Church in *Guerre et Religion* refuted [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Jan. 1, 1916, p. 5].

Kant: his mental dishonesty [Rev. E. T. Shanahan in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1916, p. 443].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Belgium: The Letter of the Belgian Hierarchy to the German, demanding an inquiry into German atrocities [*Tablet*, Jan. 22, 1916, p. 105].

Benedict XV., The First Year of his Pontificate [*Examiner*, Dec. 11 and 17, 1915, pp. 490, 507].

Catholicism, German Victory injurious to [*Tablet*, Jan. 1, 1916, p. 5].

Catholic Officers killed in the War, 1914-15: Complete list [*Tablet*, Jan. 1, 1916, p. 13].

Christianity failed? Has [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, Feb. 1916, p. 113].

Dickens as a Sociologist [P. L. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, Jan. 1, 1916, p. 286].

Hildegund, St., Maiden and Monk [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, Feb. 1916, p. 145].

Latin in the Liturgy, Use of [E. R. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, Dec. 11, 18, and 25, 1915, pp. 493, 503, 513].

Prayer-Books for Children: merits and defects [Bishop Butt in *Downside Review*, quoted in *Tablet*, Jan. 8, 1916, p. 60].

Prussian Mentality and the War [review of Baron F. von Hugel's articles in the *Quest*: *Tablet*, Jan. 15, 1916, p. 73].

Germanism and the Spirit of Man [L. de Grandmaison in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1916, p. 90].

REVIEWS

I—CATHOLICISM AND MODERNISM COMPARED¹

PÈRE FONTAINE has been a busy writer during the last quarter of a century or so, the subject to which he has devoted his almost exclusive attention being the contrasts between the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the congeries of false philosophical and theological notions that have gradually taken shape as a more or less consecutive system under the name of Modernism. His present volume, entitled *Etude comparative des deux synthèses Catholique et Moderniste, d'après le Concile du Vatican et l'Encyclique "Pascendi,"* is in effect the second volume of a work published two years ago under the title of *Jésus Christ, Principe et fin de la vie humaine, Synthèse catholique*. Also in his introduction to this new volume he claims, and with some justice, to have supplied, in several of his previous books, the materials for a study of the details of the questions involved in his present syntheses. The special object of his new treatise he describes in the following words of his introduction:

Our intention is not to repeat here what can be found in those previous eight volumes, but to assist those who have either read already or will have the patience to read them, by introducing them to the sources on which I relied, the circumstances and motives which determined me to write them, and the influences under which they were composed.

One might gather from this that the new volume would be chiefly engaged with the sources of modernism and of the condemnations it has encountered from the Holy See at different times. To a large extent this is the case, for the reader is furnished with useful accounts of the contributions to the evolution of the theory which are due to the immanentism of Kant, the naturalistic exegesis of Lessing, the subjective sentimentalism of Schleiermacher, and the idealistic pantheism of Hegel; as well as to the influence of these

¹ *Etude comparative des deux Synthèses Catholique et Moderniste d'après le Concile du Vatican et l'Encyclique "Pascendi."* Par le Père Julien Fontaine, S.J. Paris: Pierre Téqui. Pp. xlvii, 418. Price, 4 frs. net. 1914.

writers on the systems of Hermes and Günther which caused such trouble to the Popes in the early days of the nineteenth century; and, coming down to our own days, to the work of Paul Sabatier as well as to the part played in the latest stage of its history by its foremost Catholic representative, Alfred Loisy. He furnishes, too, from the stores of his own personal experience some sad but instructive side-lights illustrative of the way in which the doctrine of Modernism was secretly propagated for some time before the publication of the Encyclical, in certain French clerical circles. On another side Père Fontaine pursues the history of the movement into its social activities, tracing the connexion between the perverse ideas as to the source of civil authority first propounded in Rousseau's doctrine of the Social Contract which received such extension under the stress of the great Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, and the endeavour of de Lamennais some forty years later to domesticate a variation of these principles among the adherents of the new Catholic party he was then founding.

Still this volume is not wholly occupied with historical matters. A good part of its contents is taken up with an exposition of Modernism itself, as described in the Encyclical *Pascendi*. In this portion the author is, as was to be expected, on right lines, but we do not find him as clear as might be wished. Obviously he is writing not exactly a popular account of these systems, for that would be hopeless, but still an account intended for a class of readers likely to find both the theory and its refutation abstruse and complex, and needing to have its terminology translated into language with which they are more familiar. Take, for instance, the term "vital immanence" which lies at the very root of Modernism. It is drawn from the philosophy of Kant, but it is very far indeed from being self-explanatory, and we doubt very much if even educated readers will be able to make out from Père Fontaine's pages what is its precise meaning, though he often has occasion to refer to it. Another criticism to which this book is open is that its author is too inclined to sweep into the one category of Modernism doctrinal positions which, though erroneous, are of a very disparate character. Thus in one place he complains of some English ritualists whom he met somewhere in France, and who showed a disposition to capture surreptitiously from Catholic priests sacramental Absolutions and Communions.

This is an objectionable practice no doubt, and one which needs to be sharply watched and checkmated. But the people in question are in no sense Modernists, indeed are often the innocent victims of a misapprehension that they are really Catholics. Then again in one place he waxes indignant against the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago, which was attended by some Catholics. These latter may have been imprudent in countenancing the gathering in any way, and it is possible that some of them were somewhat infected with Modernist ideas, which however at that time had not been brought to light and as clearly exposed and denounced as they became later on by the publication of the Encyclical *Pascendi*. But that Parliament was by no means a gathering of men who were predominantly Modernists, unless we are to understand by the term something very different from professing religious beliefs undermined by the two principles of agnosticism and immanence. But the fact is Père Fontaine betrays his unfamiliarity with the position of Catholics who live in non-Catholic countries. For these latter are aware what good there is in many of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and know by long experience the good they can do by judiciously striving to understand their religious attitude and putting in a seasonable word or two at some of their gatherings.

2—THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH¹

FR. STEBBING has given us in his *Story of the Catholic Church* a book which will be welcomed because it will meet a real want for English-speaking Catholics. Educated Catholics who take an intelligent interest in all that concerns their religion, not infrequently ask their clergy to recommend them a good history of the Catholic Church as a whole. What they require is one that is sufficiently modern to view the sequence and significance of the events from a standpoint that is familiar to them, one that is not too long or too complex, or which runs too deeply into details or discussions, or is untrustworthy in its statements; but one which, on the other hand, is not content merely to narrate the succession of external facts, but is careful to furnish the key to their meaning, the inner thread of connexion which binds them together, the due proportion in which they stand to one another, to—

¹ By the Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. London and Edinburgh: Sands and Co. Pp. xii. 704. Price, 6s. net. 1915.

gether with the relation in which they stand to the Church of Jesus Christ as forming the history of its life, that is, of the life of its people as moulded by its teaching and by the operation of its divine gifts on the human heart. It is attention to these points which is so important if a book like this is to fulfil its purpose in telling the story of the Catholic Church, that "story that has no equal, whether we consider the number of persons, places, and vicissitudes involved, or the real importance of the interests at stake." This is how Father Stebbing has conceived his task, and his readers, we venture to predict, will recognize that he has attained his purpose with wonderful success. His book is not of course a work of research, and it was not meant to be. But he assures us in his short Preface that its "plan has needed some thought and its details not inconsiderable labour," and this we can well believe. For though an uninitiated reader may fail to see the traces of such thought and labour, others who have had experience of the difficulty of writing a history in which the conditions we have indicated are fulfilled, can detect in every page little sentences here or points of arrangement there, which imply much painful toil, but which make all the difference in imparting clearness and insight and, consequently, human interest to the narrative. Perhaps we may bring home to a reader what we mean by this, if we remind him of what he has perhaps experienced in consulting a book of history. He wants to know something about the Three Chapters, or about the Reform of Gregory VII., or about Jansenism. He takes down a Church History from his shelves, and forthwith finds himself bewildered with a maze of details from which it is impossible for him to extract the outline and purport of the episode without a considerable expenditure of time. So far as we have been able to see—and we have applied the test to several sections—this is just what you do not find in this *Story of the Catholic Church*. On the contrary you find in it very promptly the key-thoughts you are in search of, and feel yourself to be now in possession of a useful outline which you can follow up, if you desire, in this, or some larger work.

This is great praise for a book of the kind, but it is deserved. It also suggests that the book may advantageously be given a handy place in the book-shelf of a reading man; as also that it would make an excellent school prize for a pupil about to leave school.

3—A LITURGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY¹

WE cannot help expressing our sincere condolences with the author of this painstaking and very useful volume on account of the disadvantages under which all such works of scholarship must inevitably labour during a time of European war. Even though the book is produced in a neutral country still the transmission of copies abroad is much hampered and, what is even more serious, comparatively few persons have the leisure, or if the leisure, the means, to gratify hobbies which are not remunerative. Father Huf's very modest title *Een Woord over Liturgie-Literatuur* (A Word on liturgical Literature) gives little idea of the nature or value of his essay. It is really an admirably classified and fairly comprehensive bibliography of books and articles connected with the external worship of the Church which have appeared in recent years. Father Huf would be the last to pretend that the list was in any way exhaustive. To our thinking it is all the better on that account. In such cases it constantly happens that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*. How many schemes for providing bibliographical information have either proved hopelessly unwieldy or else have disgusted their supporters by unconscionable delays in the attempt to make them exhaustive. We can only say that Father Huf has taken a wide and representative body of periodicals, mainly Catholic, in many different languages, and has carefully made note of all the contents that were connected with his purpose. His scheme is a comprehensive one. He does not confine his attention merely to the Mass itself and the Breviary, but the ritual of the Sacraments, the burial of the dead, processions, litanies, popular devotions, the cultus of the Saints and of their relics, the calendar, homiletics so far as they have any bearing on the liturgy, and even the furniture of the church and of the altar, including for example church bells, all come within his purview. No doubt it would be easy in many directions to add to his lists. Take for example the matter last mentioned, that of campanology, the books produced in England alone would fill several pages of his handsomely printed work were they all included. But after all we do not want that. The fact that Father Huf has supplied an excellent liturgical guide to the recent contents

¹ *Een Woord over Liturgie-Literatuur*. Door Oscar Huf, S.J. Nijmegen : L. C. G. Malmberg. Pp. xvi, 188. 1914.

of some sixty periodicals which pay any heed to this special subject renders a service of very great value to all who are interested in this form of scientific research. Of course there will be *lacunæ*, and we may indicate the very inadequate description of the valuable notes supplied by Mr. Edmund Bishop to the *Journal of Theological Studies* as a case in point, as well as the omission of the *Bosworth Psalter* and the *Book of Cerne*, but it would be foolish to allow such lapses to influence our judgment when no pretence to completeness is made. It is rather as a specimen of method that Father Huf has provided this bibliography, and we can only most heartily wish him health and opportunity and more favourable conditions than the present, in order that he may provide us with a work on the same lines which will satisfy his own exacting requirements even better than the book before us. We must not omit to note that many of the bibliographical notices are provided by the editor with a few sentences of useful criticism.

4—DICTIONNAIRE APOLOGÉTIQUE¹

WE believe there is a twelfth fascicule of the *Dictionnaire apologétique* now published, but so far we have not received it. The eleventh fully sustains, if it does not overpass, the high reputation the *Dictionnaire* has gained for itself. True, it only contains seven headings, but this is because of the great but welcome length of the article on "Jesus Christ," which has been appropriately given to the Abbé Léonce de Grandmaison. Though it is so long, there is hardly a waste word in it, but it covers an immense amount of matter, studying the life, work, and personality of our Lord under almost every conceivable apologetic aspect. In the introductory part M. de Grandmaison discusses the philosophic presuppositions and those of the method to be followed; the sources, Christian and non-Christian, from which the facts are to be gathered; and lastly the objections urged by those who dispute the very existence of Jesus. In Chapter I. is determined the political condition of the Jewish world at the

¹ *Le Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique*. Edited by A. d'Ales, Professeur à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Fascicule XI. *Jesuites — Juifs*. Paris: Beauchesne. 1915.

time when our Lord came, the social and the intellectual *milieu*, together with the foreign infiltrations, which combined to form the mental climate in which His earthly life was spent. Then follows in Chapter II. a long section "on the testimony of the Son," which examines the testimony rendered first by St. John the Baptist and then by our Lord Himself, to the nature of the work for which He was sent, and of His own personality. Here great care is taken to make clear the course of progressive enlightenment which marks His disclosures to His disciples. In this second chapter the problem of our Lord's personality is also directly considered, the doctrine of the Church in regard to the union of the two natures in one Person being compared with the many opposition theories, called Kenosis theories, which have been broached by rationalistic scholars in the most recent period. In a third chapter the proofs, or credentials, of the trustworthiness of our Lord's testimony are studied with much detail. It is here that the double question of prophecies and miracles comes under consideration, and all the latest theories for resisting the acceptance of real miracles are examined, a good deal of attention being given to Charcot's *foi qui guérit*, under the different forms in which it presents itself.

The question of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ is brought forward in a fourth chapter under the general designation of the testimony of the Father, the raising of the Son to life after the death of the Cross being in Scripture ascribed to the Father. Here again another band of opponents have to be met. In this fourth chapter a separate and final section is allotted to the testimony of the Holy Ghost, exhibited not only in the charismatic gifts that were poured out on the infant Church, but still more in the abiding presence and in-working of the Spirit in the Church, which has been all along the source of its splendid efficacy in conquering the world to Christ, and here the author gives a valuable study of the apostolate of St. Paul and of St. John, as signal illustrations of this work of the Spirit.

This is but a bare outline of the rich contents of the article on "Jesus Christ," but it will suffice to indicate its general character. It is, however, only by reading it and studying it that its thoroughness and satisfying quality can be appreciated as it deserves. The effect of its appearing in the *Dictionnaire apologétique* will be, we may trust, to cause many students of theology to make themselves familiar with it, and use

it as the starting-point for their further investigations into a question of supreme importance at the present time. They will find M. de Grandmaison a sure guide, and will come to recognize that the moment at which his article appears is felicitous. A few decades ago the rationalistic phalanx was marching to the assault, equipped with an armament which being new and not yet understood by Catholic scholars, seemed very formidable. But what is wont to happen has happened again. The assailants have disagreed among themselves, and divided off into schools which have refuted one another effectually, whilst Catholic biblical scholarship has had time to study the systems in question very thoroughly.

On the other articles in this eleventh fascicule that on Job is by Chanoine Chauvin, a member of the Biblical Commission. He takes the line that the principal characters of the book were historical persons, but that the book itself is not all historical, but a kind of poem. Two articles on Jonah and Judith fall to the lot of Père Condamin, who grapples as well as he can with the known historical difficulties of these two books. The article on "*Jeune et Abstinence au point de vue d'Hygiène*," is useful and informing, but one would have expected a fuller and more comprehensive treatment to be given to such an important subject as fasting.

5—A REJOINDER TO A REPLY¹

IF German news-bureaux have anticipated those of all the Allies in gaining the ear of neutrals, we must own that the *Comité Catholique de Propagande Française* at any rate is making very strenuous efforts to restore the balance. So recently as August last we reviewed a volume entitled *La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme*, in which Mgr. A. Baudrillart and his colleagues compiled an elaborate refutation of the contention that Germany's victory would spell the triumph of the Church. In doing so they had necessarily to dwell on the seamy side of German Catholicism and the deplorable disregard of morality shown by German combatants on land and sea. This refutation was not allowed to pass unchallenged, many counter-attacks have appeared, of which that written by a certain Canon of Paderborn, Dr. Rosenberg, appears to

¹ *L'Allemagne et les Alliés devant la Conscience Chrétienne*. Prefaced by Mgr. A. Baudrillart. Paris: Bloud et Gay. Pp. xii, 400. Price, 3.60 fr. net.

be the most considerable. We have not been able to procure *Der deutsche Krieg und der Katholizismus*, and can only judge of its character by what its French critics say of it in their journals and in the large volume under review. Apparently it is weighty enough to need a detailed reply, and that reply seems fairly complete. There is no reason in the nature of things why this polemic should not be conducted without heat. The French can certainly say that the Germans began it by trying to persuade Catholic neutrals that the welfare of their religion was bound up in a Teutonic victory. Such a claim could not pass unchallenged, but its rejection necessitated an examination of German Kultur as shown in its fruits in the conduct of the war. Dr. Rosenberg's answer does not seem to have met these accusations directly: however, his arguments and counter-charges are taken up one by one in this second volume, and elaborately refuted. There can be no dispute amongst Catholics on questions of principle: here then there is mainly a discussion of facts. The Bishop of Nice shows that the openly-avowed political principles of Germany's leaders are anti-Christian. M. de Lanzac de Laborie proves that Germany was the aggressor. M. Denys Cochin explains that Belgium's neutrality was not violated except by Germany. Père Janvier, O.P., details the rights and duties of belligerents, and German violations of the same. Mgr. Battifol rejects the notion that alliance with Protestant England and Schismatic Russia portends evil to Catholicism. Baron d'Anthouard contrasts German with French treatment of prisoners of war. M. E. Bloud, in perhaps the most important chapter of all, describes with many illustrations how unfounded is the present claim of the Centre Party to be Catholic. Finally, M. F. Veuillot indicates the valuable and necessary work done by the first volume of the *Propagande*. The indictment is a formidable one, and can hardly be satisfactorily met, so carefully drawn up is it and so well documented.

6—THE CHURCH AND THE NEW KNOWLEDGE¹

MISS CAILLARD'S *Church and the New Knowledge* is a new accession to the Layman's Library, edited by Dr. F. C. Burkitt and the Rev. G. E. Newsom. Its object, according to the writer's account, is "to indicate the attitude

¹ By E. M. Caillard. Longmans, London. Pp. 221. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1915.

which Christians, in their corporate capacity, should maintain towards the flood of new knowledge which is pouring in upon the world through every possible avenue." "[As] the field to cover is so vast the writer proposes to confine her observations to the region of Natural Science, and within this to the modern knowledge bearing directly upon man, physical, psychical and social." And her ultimate aim is to show that "faith in Jesus Christ is the one principle that can give unity to the chaos of knowledge which has lately been tossed into the human mind." Miss Caillard writes in a tone which cannot but attract one's sympathy. She is evidently an earnest mind, with a yearning for a closer intercourse with God, and in her chapter on the Life of Prayer she says some helpful things, as in other places she says some instructive things. But she is a victim to the bewilderment of the reason and consequent weariness of the contemporary Protestant mentality, nurtured as it is, not on the solid food of revealed certainties, but on the husks of vague conjecture. As it is her contention that more use should be made by Christian preachers and workers of the achievements of modern science, it is to be regretted that she did not take more care to discriminate between the certain facts which recent science has established, and the extensive crop of mere theories which, not the men of science themselves, but the popularizers of science are fond of citing as facts. The former of these classes would, for instance, not think of regarding the few bones found at Trinil, in Java, as affording grounds for any certain conclusion at all, much less the far-reaching conclusions which this writer accepts as deducible from the find. This of course is but a single point, but it is not the only one touched in this little book which makes one feel that it would be well if Miss Caillard were to read Sir Bertram Windle's *Facts and Theories*, which deals with this very distinction. That she should set down, categorically, the "recoveries reported from Lourdes and other shrines . . . as due to a believing and hopeful expectation," perhaps we ought not to complain of, as it is the rule with English Protestant writers to deal with the Lourdes question in that off-hand way. Still, if she were to read Dr. Grandmaison de Bruno's *Vingt miracles de Lourdes*, she might find that the Lourdes miracles are not to be dismissed so easily. That her knowledge of theological matters is far from accurate is manifested in many ways in these pages, for instance, in her confident statement

that "the infallibility of the Church . . . was not claimed for centuries after the birth of 'Christianity.'"

Miss Caillard anticipates a magnificent future, even in this life, for the Christian Church—by which, however, she means "the whole body of Christians to whatever denomination they belong." It will depend on men's conduct how soon or late it will come off, but it must come eventually; and it will mean that the race will have realized in itself the type set for it by our Lord Jesus Christ. And this would mean: (1) Physically, perfect health, and consequently perfect balance and efficiency of the nervous system. (2) Control of nature, such as our Lord had. (3) A joyful acceptance of life, uncomplicated by selfish obsessions. (4) Socially, free and sympathetic intercourse between man and man, nation and nation. (5) Spiritually, absolute confidence in the God and Father of all and each; and a glad realization of that freedom of the universe implied in human sonship to God.

7—THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE¹

AS this great work advances towards completion it acquires in some sense a more human interest. The earlier volumes seem to belong to the reference-shelves of the study or the schoolroom, the later would not be out of place on the drawing-room table. The present instalment, the first of the three to be consecrated to the literature of the nineteenth century, has no distinctive label to particularize its contents. Naturally it is devoted for the most part to writers whose best work was done before the opening of the Victorian era, but in the more subsidiary chapters which deal with special branches of scholarship, we find mention of celebrities as recent as Lightfoot and E. A. Freeman, Thomas Hodgkin and Father Tyrrell. Perhaps the most striking, we will not say the most admirable, feature of this and of one or two other recent volumes, is the extraordinary development of the bibliographies. In the instalment before us, out of a total of 566 pages, only 371 pages are given over to the text, the remaining 200 are claimed by the apparatus of research. This we must confess seems to us a development which comes dan-

¹ Vol. XII. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xii, 564. Price 9s. net. 1915.

generously near to being unwieldy, and we are not sure that these long catalogues of works and editions are of any great practical use, especially in the case of writers who are almost contemporaries. But with regard to the text of the History itself, there is very little to which the critic can take exception, unless it be in the case of certain appreciations which are obviously matters of taste and opinion. Like all its predecessors, the volume is remarkable for its sobriety, while at the same time many of its more notable chapters are as full of interest and point as a *causerie* of Sainte Beuve. The opening chapter, in which Dr. Henderson admirably summarizes the qualities and deficiencies of Sir Walter Scott, seems to us as nearly perfect as such an essay can be. The sympathy of the writer for his subject is only rivalled by his uncompromising sense of justice as a critic. How true, for example, is the following characterization:

The immense geniality of Scott, which qualified him for so comprehensive an appreciation of human nature, especially manifests itself in his method of representing character. His standpoint is quite the antipodes of Swift or Balzac. Mentally and morally, he was thoroughly healthy and happy; there was no taint of morbidity or bitterness in his disposition, and, if aspiring, he was so without any tincture of jealousy or envy.

On the other hand, Dr. Henderson remarks with great discernment:

Further it is a notable circumstance that few or none of his personages develop under his hands, for the most part they are, throughout the narrative exhibited with characteristics which are unmodified by time, experience or events. To analyse character was in fact as little his aim, as it was to promulgate any special social dogma.

Of the poets who figure in this volume Byron is entrusted to Dr. Moorman, Shelley and Keats in separate chapters to Dr. Herford, while a group of lesser lights, including such names as Rogers, Campbell, Praed, Moore, Hood, and even Barham, etc., are judiciously appraised by Professor Saintsbury. Mr. Hamilton Thompson's essay on Lamb is perhaps hardly as delicate in its treatment as the grace and fancy of Elia deserved, but Hazlitt meets with rather more than his fair share of appreciation at the hands of Professor Howe,

and much as we admire Jane Austen, we think that Mr. Harold Child has rather forced the note in the unstinted encomiums he bestows upon her work. Not the least interesting of the less directly literary chapters is that devoted to the Oxford movement by Archdeacon W. H. Hutton. His discussion of Newman's work naturally owes much to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's masterly biography, but we are glad to note Mr. Hutton's enthusiasm for the *Dream of Gerontius*, of which he says: "It has that mark of genius, like the finest parts of Shakespeare, that poor and rich, learned and ignorant, are alike carried away by its attraction." Of Manning, Mr. Hutton tells us that "though his personal influence was great, his work is negligible as literature," and then he turns to pay a warm tribute to a convert who played a less conspicuous part in public life, John Hungerford Pollen (*père*). We are glad to reproduce Mr. Hutton's words in the pages of THE MONTH:

John Hungerford Pollen, as an English priest, wrote the most touching and tragic of all the records of struggle in parish work for Tractarian principles (*A Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour's, Leeds, 1851*), and then as a Romanist layman, devoted himself to art, wrote some valuable lectures, was the friend of Morris and Rossetti, Swinburne and Patmore, and became in artistic literature what his friend Baron von Hügel said he was in life 'the perfect type of *l'homme du monde*.'

One other chapter is devoted to the religious aspects of Victorian literature and is appropriately headed "The Growth of Liberal Theology." Here may be found a concise discussion of such writers as Arnold and Stanley, Martineau, Pattison, Jowett, and F. D. Maurice, ending up with a page devoted to Modernism and Father Tyrrell.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

IN spite of the war the Lenten Lectures of Père Janvier at Notre Dame in Paris have maintained an uninterrupted course. This great series of discourses on Catholic Morals which began in 1903 reached in 1915 the discussion of *La Charité, ses Effets*. The volume in which it is reprinted, together with the volume for 1914, *La Charité, sa Nature et son Objet*, have just reached us from Messrs. Lethielleux, and are more than good value at their price of 4 francs each. The merits of Père Janvier's discourses, which have renewed at Notre Dame the great days of Lacordaire, are too well known to need insistence, but we may note by the way the importance of the short appendices, which, as in the case of Dr. Liddon's famous Lectures, give in summary a series of references and comments of extreme value. It is interesting to notice how in the volume for 1915 Père Janvier has been able, without disturbing the balance or the permanent character of his scheme, to embody a very great deal of valuable matter arising out of the war conditions in the midst of which he was speaking. There are few better estimates of militarism than that contained in his fourth Conference and in the appended notes.

APOLOGETIC.

No popular reprint should be more useful than that of Père Vacandard's book on *The Inquisition* (Longmans: price 2s. 6d. net). Our readers already know, or should know it well, so there is no need to enlarge on the merits of this model of apologetic writing. It will be remembered that the book is more than a study of the Inquisition; it is also a general survey of the coercive power of the Church from the earliest ages and the way in which that power has been exercised. We trust that in this cheaper form it will find a greatly increased sphere of usefulness.

We do not altogether agree with the Rev. Dr. Bruehl who edits Father Koch's *Manual of Apologetics* (Herder: 3s. net), translated from the German by A. M. Buchanan, that such works are rare in English. There are already a fair number of expositions of the Christian position published in our tongue. Yet we are glad to welcome this addition to their number, for it is written with a view to modern requirements, is well and logically arranged, and sufficiently popular in style. As the matter is necessarily rather condensed, references to books giving fuller treatment to the various points might have been usefully added: also an Index.

DEVOTIONAL.

Father William T. Kane, S.J., has given us in his little book *For Greater Things* (B. Herder: price 2s. net) a life of St. Stanislaus Kostka admirably suited for youthful readers. It is written in a bright and lively style and brings out to the full the manly aspects—and how many they are every lover of the Saint knows—of St. Stanislaus' life. We have met with few more suitable gift-books for a school-boy.

HISTORICAL.

Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., who has done so much to interpret for English readers the genuine spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, continues in **The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies** (Longmans: price 6s. 6d. net) his filial task. His *Life of the Saint* has already shown his complete equipment for the work, and in these studies he does much to show how essentially the Franciscan ideal was drawn from the Gospels, and how its very freedom from formalism was but one expression of the law of liberty, never safely followed save by those in whom God's love has supplanted self. It was an ideal seemingly too high for the average Christian and yet sufficiently accessible to have devoted aspirants in every age and place. Hence the strange divisions in the Order, even in St. Francis' lifetime, and the no less persistent maintenance of the standard amongst an influential section. It may be that something would have been lost if the original rule had not been modified. The programme was too vague and too wide to be pursued unitedly by all. The union between the active and contemplative following of Christ must be carefully regulated in the case of an organization embracing every class and degree of education if it is not to result in some sort of disruption. Yet the great Franciscan families retained the full family resemblance, and the Leonine constitution restoring them to greater unity has proved in the main successful. Father Cuthbert, in another of these papers, does for St. Clare what he had already done at much greater length for St. Francis, indicating the part she so skilfully played in the development of the Franciscan spirit. The "Story of the Friars" shows how the various branches of the Order developed under pressure of external circumstance and divergent principle, the first great split occurring when increase of numbers made the simple primitive style of observance no longer possible for large communities. The volume aptly closes with a sympathetic sketch of Father Alphonsus, a celebrated Franciscan theologian and missionary lately dead, who exemplified the essential spirit of his Order in all the novel conditions of modern times.

Old unhappy, far-off days, which yet have some echo in contemporary events, are recalled by the excellent volume containing the speeches and writings of Thomas Francis Meagher, **Meagher of the Sword** (Gill and Son: 3s. 6d.), which is edited with a Preface by Mr. Arthur Griffith. Meagher, who was educated both at Clongowes and Stonyhurst, was the orator *par excellence* of the "New Ireland" Movement, which it was O'Connell's misfortune to be unable either to direct or subdue, and which by its unsuccessful appeal to armed force in 1848, put an end for the time even to the constitutional agitation for Repeal. Meagher was transported "for life" to Tasmania, but escaped to America in a few years, where by his leadership of the Irish Brigade in the Civil War he proved that he was a man of action as well as of word.

WAR BOOKS.

The seventh, eighth and ninth volumes of Messrs. Franc-Nohain and Delay's **Histoire Anecdotique de la Guerre** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 60 centimes), are devoted to the domestic concerns of the gallant French Army, dealing in turn with its recruitment and mobilization, its work at the Front, and its base services. They are full of vivid detail, and to-

gether give a very clear general view of the life France is leading, in the flower of her manhood, to-day. Doubtless the second of the volumes, with its many pictures of an heroism worthy of any age, will prove the most popular, but all are full of instruction and encouragement, and, without technical detail, give the outsider a good insight into the organization and methods of the French Army. Their human interest, here as in other volumes of the series, is abundant.

Messrs. Lethielleux have done well to produce a translation of *Señor Antonio de la Rica's* booklet *Sur quoi le Kaiser ne comptait pas* (price 1 franc). 'Alike for its own sake and as the testimony of a neutral it is a valuable acquisition to the argumentative defence of the Allies' cause. "What the Kaiser did not allow for" is a France virile and energetic, constant in adversity, and unremitting in tenacity. It is such a France that *Señor de la Rica* describes, from his personal experience at the outbreak of the war and throughout its earlier stages. Vivid sketches of the French soldier, colloquially expressed, pleasing tributes to the work of France's allies on her soil, and a thoughtful summing up of the whole situation as it should appeal to neutral nations of Latin race and sympathies, go to make up a valuable little book.

Our readers will remember the valuable *Consignes de Guerre* which Mgr. Tissier produced some few months ago. Very valuable is the fuller account of *La Guerre en Champagne au diocèse de Châlons* (Paris, Téqui: price 3.50 francs) which his Lordship has just edited. It covers the whole ground—the coming of the Germans, Champagne during their short occupation, the battle, or rather battles, of the Marne, and the work of the diocese during the war in its clergy, its religious, its laity. Every one of the thirty chapters, contributed by persons of authority, who write of what they have themselves seen, is of value and importance. We are glad that the Bishop has been prevailed upon to allow the chapter "Un Evêque Français" to be included. Since the war broke out his Lordship has not spent a night out of his devastated diocese, and his heroism and devotion have won tribute from all who have become acquainted with them, and from the French Government more particularly. It is a story Catholics may be proud to read. An excellent map of the district is provided.

In *Les Paroles de la Guerre* (Paris, Téqui: price 3.50 francs), by Mgr. Gauthey, Archbishop of Besançon, we have the contribution of a prelate less closely concerned with the actual operations of the war, but, like all France (we wish we could say all England also) feeling its call as an issue of life or death. Allocutions, Pastoral letters and contributions to the press, all give occasion to his Grace to come forward in his country's cause, and the record of work done in the archdiocese under his leadership is indeed remarkable.

The Abbé Stephen Coubé's brilliant oratorical powers and his well-known views on French political history find notable expression in his discourse delivered in the Cathedral at Lyons last November, and now republished under the title *La Belgique et la France* (Paris, Lethielleux: price 60 centimes). From Caesar's fight at the bridge-head at Berry-au-Brac, to last year's battle of the Yser, M. Coubé traces a political nexus of the two nations which he thinks should be drawn still closer, while the bonds of sympathy, of mutual aid and of religion between the two nations afford ample scope for his ardent rhetoric.

M. Paul Dudon, whose pamphlets on the origins of the war and on the attitude of the Holy See, have proved so useful, gives us in **La Politique Allemande** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 50 centimes) a searching criticism of Prince von Bülow's book which has already been so fully canvassed. The questions of Poland and of Alsace-Lorraine which the Prince had dealt with receive special attention, as well as his characteristic differences of standpoint from the Bernhardist school—which M. Dudon shows nevertheless to have their logical issue equally in an aggressive war.

Unlike our *Oxford Pamphlets*, Mgr. Baudrillart's admirable series of **Pages Actuelles** (Paris, Bloud et Gay: price 60 centimes each), to which we have several times drawn the attention of our readers, continues its most useful output. Among the latest batch to reach us is a series of capital little biographies of **General Joffre**, **General Pau**, and **General Gallieni**, by G. Blanchon; of **General Maunoury**, by an anonymous "Miles"; and of **Le Roi Albert**, by M. Pierre Nothomb. Fuller biographies of the King than M. Nothomb's glowing little tribute are available for English readers, but those of the four French Generals add much interesting matter to our knowledge. Comment upon religious topics has been judiciously restrained, but of course Catholics will be especially interested in the sketch of General Pau; we trust that one of Castelnau will be added to the series. As to General Joffre, perhaps there is no harm in our drawing from private sources of information and saying that while exaggerated stories are to be discounted, the omens are very favourable.

Amateurs of military science will find special interest in those pamphlets of the series in which M. Francis Marre describes **Notre "75,"** M. Georges Besançon **Les "Zeppelins,"** M. Blanchon **Les Sous-Marins**, and M. Marre again **Les Tranchées du Front**. Undoubtedly the most interesting to the English reader is the full and well illustrated description of the famous "Soixante-quinze." Useful as the pamphlets on the submarines and zeppelins may be to a French reader, those who have followed on this side the work of Mr. Pollen and Mr. Bruce would find them a little sketchy. Two more general issues of the series are **L'Heroique Serbia**, by M. Henri Lorin, and a fine piece of rhetoric, in which tribute is rendered to **Le Soldat de 1914**, by M. René Doumic.

FICTION.

Australia and Ireland furnish the scenes of most of Father T. A. Fitzgerald's new collection of stories, **A Good Third** (Gill and Son: 3s. 6d.), which for the most part deal with humorous situations described in easy conversational style. Some more serious papers interspersed with these show that the author is also a scholar and a patriot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is almost superfluous to welcome our two chief Catholic books of reference, **The Catholic Directory** and **The Catholic Who's Who** (Burns and Oates: 1s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net respectively), which year by year become more complete and more useful. In spite of having been largely reset, the former is maintained at its old price, which nothing but its extensive circulation could make possible. That circulation deserves

to be still more extended. The book should be a feature in every Catholic household, for it gives direction and stimulus to the zeal for the faith which should prevail therein. Our Protestant neighbours are constantly asking for the information which the book contains, and Catholics themselves, if they travel ever so little, or take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the Church in this country, will find it almost indispensable.

Practically the same tribute is due to the **Catholic Who's Who**, for much the same reasons. A sad interest attaches to the long "Roll of Honour," in which biographical details of the Catholic officers, over 300 in number, who have so far lost their lives in the war, are briefly given. In spite of this list, a further long necrology and the omission of the "chief events of the Catholic year," the volume is steadily growing in length, the biographies occupying fourteen more pages than last year.

What *The Catholic Directory* does for the country as a whole, **The Official Catholic Directory of the Province of Birmingham** (Washbourne: 6d. net) does for one of its three ecclesiastical divisions. It is now edited by the Rev. W. A. Holler, Canon Glancey having undertaken a greater work in his *Orbis Catholicus*, and deals of course in much greater detail with the history and work of the Archdiocese. A great deal of general information bearing on Catholic interests may also be found in these carefully arranged pages.

A charming publication, **An Alphabet of Irish Saints**, by Charlotte Dease (Dundalgan Press, Dundalk: 1s.), which acknowledges its indebtedness to Monsignor Benson's idea, is entirely Irish in subject and style, and too much praise cannot be given to the Dundalgan Press for the way they have brought out Miss Charlotte Dease's verses in Gaelic and Arabic characters, or for their reproduction of Mr. Rooney's sketches and Celtic designs. It is extremely cheap, and whether from a religious, an artistic, a patriotic, or a historical point of view, it is to be unreservedly commended and should be in the hands of every Catholic child whether Irish or not. A painting competition is announced in connexion with it, the possession of the book being the only condition of entry and the judge is no one less than Lady Butler.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The output of the Catholic Truth Society since our last issue comprises the following penny pamphlets: **A Catholic at the Front**, a vivid narrative of the experiences in France of one of our soldiers, with a special reference to the religious phenomena observable there; **Vespers for Sunday**, with a valuable Preface by Dr. Adrian Fortescue; **A Short Treatise on Prayer**, selected from the instructions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and **The Beatitudes**, some very characteristic little retreat-discourses by the late Mgr. Benson, rescued from the notes of one who heard them.

The Society of SS. Peter and Paul, that strange development of modern Anglicanism, has added to its "York Books" three very interesting papers. The first is **Divorce versus Democracy** (6d.) by G. K. Chesterton, a reprint of a magazine article, showing in the author's brilliant way that the strength of democracy rests upon the sanctity of the marriage-bond. The second, **A Little Wine: Christianity and Alcohol** (3d.) by the Rev. H. R. Gamble, emphasizes the sane Christian view of the Temperance Question. The third, **My People love to have it so** (6d.) is sup-

posed to be written at the request of the "Loyola Society" and the "Xavier Guild," by "Anglicanus," who, if he is not the Rev. Reginald Knox, has very successfully imitated that writer's playfully-caustic style. It deals with the amazing variety of "uses" to be found in Anglican churches according to the varieties of the incumbent's views and the greater or less toleration of episcopal authorities. It is full of excellent points and much plain speaking, for instance:

A few Nonconformists . . . receive Communion at a church in Africa, and the Archbishop of Canterbury says it is very pleasing to God, but it must not happen again.

The author's powers of scathing denunciation find fitting exercise in his description of Bishop Diggle's notorious anti-Sacramental article in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The Practical Pocket Ritual (Washbourne: 1s. net), compiled by Father Page, S.J., contains in beautifully clear type the ceremonies and prayers most necessary for the priest in his visitation of the sick, and will be a great convenience to the clergy.

For the benefit of non-Catholics who attend our ordinary evening devotions, Father F. E. Pritchard has written **How to Follow the Rosary and Benediction** (Washbourne: 1d.), a clear and simple exposition of those devotions, which will be useful to Catholics as well.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Pioneer Laymen of North America.

By Rev. T. Campbell, S.J. Pp. xv. 324. Price, \$ 6.75.

BLOUET ET GAY, Paris.

Pages Actuelles. No. 1, 6, 11, 16,

30, 49. Price, 0.60 fr. each.

L'Allemagne et les Alliés devant

la Conscience chrétienne. Edited

by Mgr. Baudrillart. Pp. xii.

400. Price, 3.60 fr. net. *La*

Guerre Allemande et le Catholic-

isme: Album No. 2. Pp. 32.

Price, 1.20 fr. net. *Manual of*

Apologetics. By Rev. F. J. Koch.

Pp. viii. 212. Price, 3s. net.

BURNS & OATES, London.

The Catholic Directory for 1916.

Pp. 840. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *The*

Catholic "Who's Who" for 1916.

Pp. xlviii. 682. Price, 3s. 6d.

net. *The Exalted Valley.* By

Armel O'Connor. Pp. 46. Price,

5s. net.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Commentorium of Vincentius

of Lerins. Edited by R. S.

Moxon, D.D. Pp. lxxxviii. 156.

Price, 9s. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Various Penny Pamphlets.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND,
Dublin.

The Life of St. Columban. By Mrs.

Thomas Concannon, M.A. Pp.

xxxii. 338. Price, 5s. net.

HERDER, London.

Studies in Church History. By B.L.

Conway, C.S.P. Pp. 204. Price,

3s. net. *For Greater Things.* By

W. T. Kane, S.J. Pp. xi. 99.

Price, 2s. net. *Compendium*

Theologiæ Moralis. Sabetti-Bar-

rett. Edit. 23rd. Pp. 1,159.

Price, 14s. net. *The Catholic*

Faith. By Rev. Fr. Girardey,

C.S.S.R. Pp. 94. Price, 6d. net.

Behold: Thy King Cometh to Thee. By Rev. J. R. Taylor. Pp. vi. 115. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Handbook of Ceremonies.* From the German of J. B. Muller, S.J. By Andrew P. Gauss, S.J. 3rd edition. Pp. xvi. 260. Price, 4s. net.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Un Catéchisme Pangermaniste. From the German of H. S. Chamberlain. Pp. 59. Price, 0.50 fr. *Prisonnier des Allemands.* Par une Infirmier militaire. 2nd édit. Pp. vii. 159. Price, 1.50 fr. *Le De Profundis médité.* By Abbé A. d'Agnel. Pp. 266. Price, 2.50 fr. *L'Autre Vie.* By R. P. Guillermin. Pp. 294. Price, 3.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

The Spirit of Man: an Anthology. By Robert Bridges. Unpagued. Price, 5s. net. *A Medieval Anthology.* Collected by Mary G. Segar. Pp. ix. 132. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

MAUNSEL & Co., Dublin.

Ireland in Fiction. By Stephen J. Brown, S.J. Pp. xviii. 304. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

SANDS & Co., London.

Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist. By Rev. Joseph Smith, C.P. Pp. 125. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy Kéruel.* Translated from the French by M.A.M. Pp. vii. 203. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Illinois.

The Mission Calendar for 1916.

SOCIETY OF SS. PETER & PAUL, London.

Divorce versus Democracy. By G.K. Chesterton. Pp. 14. Price, 6d. *A Little Wine.* By H. R. Gamble.

Pp. 8. Price, 3d. *My People Love to have it So.* By Anglicanus. Pp. 32. Price, 6d. *York Books.*

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, London.

Intercommunion with the Eastern Orthodox Church. By Rev. R.W. Burnie. Pp. 58. Price, 1s. net. *The Language Families of Africa.* By A. Werner. Pp. vii. 149. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Lectures on the Russian Church.* With Preface by the Bishop of London. Pp. vii. 83. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *Notes on the Cathedrals: Chelmsford, Liverpool.* 1d. each.

THE FAITH PRESS, London.

The Great Return. By Arthur Machen. Pp. 79. Price, 1s. net.

THE QUEEN'S WORK PRESS, St. Louis.

Talks to Boys. By Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. Pp. 177. Price, 50 c.

T'USEWEI PRINTING PRESS, Shanghai.

Researches into Chinese Superstitions. By N. Doré, S.J. Part I. Vol II.

WASHBOURNE, London.

Popular Sermons on the Catechism. By Rev. A. H. Bamberg. Vol. IV. Pp. 450. Price, 6s. net. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas.* Part II. (First Part). Pp. vi. 501. Price, 6s. net. *Official Catholic Directory of the Province of Birmingham, 1916.* Edited by Rev. W. A. Holler. Pp. 417. Price, 6d. net. *Our Home in Heaven.* By Abbé Max Caron. Translated by Edith Staniforth. Pp. xviii. 297. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Pocket Ritual.* Edited by Rev. W. Page, S.J. Pp. 46. Price, 1s. net. *How to follow Rosary and Benediction.* By Rev. F.E. Pritchard. Price, 1d.

